

# FRIENDS OF

# MAM

image

1 \$2.95  
APR \$4.05  
CANADA

YOU KNOW, MICKEY,  
SITTING UNDER THIS DANGEROUS  
PROPANE TANK IS KIND OF LIKE  
A SYMBOL OF OUR WHOLE  
RELATIONSHIP.

SHUT UP.

**DANGER  
FLAMMABLE**

HEY GANG,  
DO YOU HAVE THE GUTS TO READ A  
COMIC ABOUT EMOTIONAL JEOPARDY  
INSTEAD OF THAT TYPICAL PHYSICAL  
JEOPARDY CRAP?

# **image** COMICS PRESENTS:

FRIENDS OF

**MAXX**™

FEATURING  
**DUDE JAPAN**™

story & art  
**SAM KIETH**

finishes  
**JIM SINCLAIR**

lettering • story editor  
**MIKE HEISLER**

color  
**STEVE OLIFF**  
and **OLYOPTICS**

logo  
**CHANCE WOLF**

film output  
**KELL-O-GRAPHICS**

## **OLYOPTICS:**

Tracey Anderson, Brec Blackford, Albert Calleros,  
Cathy Enis, Nathan (Gnatus) Eyring, Michael Jeremiah,  
Patti Stratton Jordan, Jennifer McFadden,  
Marie St. Clair, Chris Wolfe, and Quinn Supplee.

## **FOR IMAGE COMICS**

Executive Director:  
**LARRY MARDER**  
Art Director:  
**DOUG GRIFFITH**  
Production Manager:  
**RONNA COULTER**  
Graphic Design:  
**KENNY FELIX**

Distribution:  
**GERMAINE ZACHARIAH**  
Accounting Administrator:  
**LEE PATIN**  
Foreign Licensing:  
**SHAY CROCKER**  
Asst. to Exec. Director:  
**KELLY VAN LANDINGHAM**

FRIENDS OF MAXX #1 FEATURING DUDE JAPAN. APRIL 1996. FIRST PRINTING. An Image Comics Title published by Image Comics, 1440 N. Harbor Boulevard, #305 Fullerton, CA 92635. Entire contents™ and © 1996 Sam Kieth, all rights reserved. Any similarities to persons living or dead is purely coincidental. Whadaya think—should "Friends of Maxx" have its own letter column? With the exception of artwork used for review purposes, none of the contents of this publication may be reprinted without the permission of Sam Kieth. Send correspondence to: Sam Kieth, 4363 Hazel Avenue, Suite 1-285, Fair Oaks, California, 95628. (nghtime@aol.com). Publishers and creator assume no responsibility for unsolicited materials or classified ads.

PRINTED IN CANADA.







HI, I'M DUDE. DUDE JAPAN. THAT'S NOT MY REAL NAME, JUST A NICKNAME.

THAT'S MY GIRLFRIEND MICKEY.

CRAP.

A WHILE BACK I WAS TAKING A COUPLE OF FRIENDS TO THE AIRPORT --THIS HOMELESS GUY, MAX, AND JULIE, THIS WOMAN FROM SOCIAL SERVICES WHO LOOKED AFTER HIM.

OKAY, REMEMBER, WATER THE PLANTS TWICE A WEEK, GOLDFISH ONCE A DAY, AND--

YOU GAVE US A LIST, REMEMBER?



OH, ONE MORE THING --THE MOUSE TRAPS--

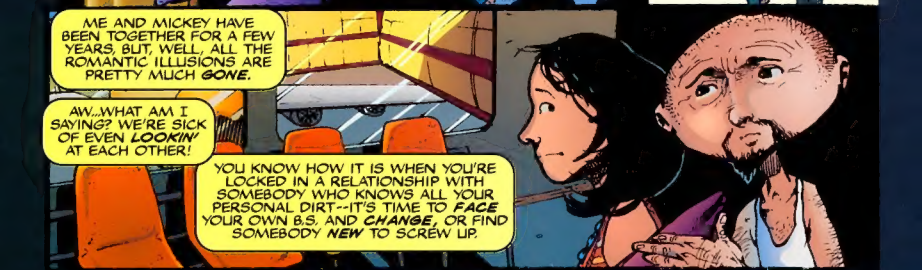
ON THE LIST...

HAVE FUN!

HEY! IF YOU RUN OUT OF FISH FOOD--

THEY'LL MANAGE! C'MON!

OKAY, OKAY! JEEZ!



ME AND MICKEY HAVE BEEN TOGETHER FOR A FEW YEARS, BUT, WELL, ALL THE ROMANTIC ILLUSIONS ARE PRETTY MUCH GONE.

AW...WHAT AM I SAYING? WE'RE SICK OF EVEN LOOKIN' AT EACH OTHER!

YOU KNOW HOW IT IS WHEN YOU'RE LOCKED IN A RELATIONSHIP WITH SOMEBODY WHO KNOWS ALL YOUR PERSONAL DIRT--IT'S TIME TO FACE YOUR OWN B.S. AND CHANGE, OR FIND SOMEBODY NEW TO SCREW UP.



MICKEY DRIVES A TOW TRUCK FOR HER DAD'S TOWING COMPANY. THAT'S HER WITH A CUSTOMER NOW.

...MICKEY!

THE ONLY THING WEIRD ABOUT MICKEY IS THE DOLL. SHE BOUGHT THIS "INFLATABLE MAN" --NO, NOT THAT KIND!

MICKEY'S THE RELIABLE ONE. DOWN TO EARTH, PRACTICAL. SHE DOESN'T SEE HERSELF THAT WAY, THOUGH. I THINK SHE FEELS SHE HAS TO PROVE SHE'S OKAY, BECAUSE HER DAD TREATS HER LIKE SUCH A SCREW-UP! BUT SHE'S NOT!

I GUESS IT'S SO PEOPLE WILL THINK SHE'S NOT ALONE... YOU KNOW, LIKE A SAFETY THING. IN FACT, SHE CALLS IT "SAFETY BOB".

WELL, IT'S NOT LIKE SHE THINKS IT'S REAL OR ANYTHING...

...BUT SOMETIMES I'D SWEAR IT'S (I MEAN, THIS IS STUPID, I KNOW)...

...IT'S LIKE I'VE BEEN REPLACED.

SLAM!



I WORK AT A MISERABLE SHOP IN THE MALL SELLING **CHORD ORGANS** STACKED IN ROWS LIKE **CASKETS**, TO BORED ZOMBIE CUSTOMERS WHO BARELY HAVE VERTEBRAE.

**DUDE!**

SO I LEAVE WORK UNABLE TO ESCAPE THESE LAME **SO'S MUZAK** SONGS ECHOING IN MY BRAIN. IT'S LIKE BEING TRAPPED IN AN ESQUIVEL CD AND PUT ON REPEAT--FOREVER.

I WORK THERE WITH MY FRIEND JOE, WHO'S NOT MUCH OF A FRIEND. BUT THEN, IT'S NOT MUCH OF A JOB.

SO, DUDE, I SAW SOME PAINTINGS IN THE STORE ROOM--IS THAT YOUR STUFF?

YEAH, JOE, BUT IF YOU'RE JUST GONNA MAKE FUN OF WHAT YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, FORGET IT!

HEY, I KNOW ABOUT ART. WHAT IS IT--CUBISM, FAUVISM, NUDES? WHAT?

POP ART...

OH YEAH, LIKE ROY LICHTENSTEIN, OR...UH, ANDY WAR--

CLOSE ENOUGH, BUT REMEMBER, THE ACTUAL MEDIUM I'M USING IS **LINQUE** TOO!

**WOOSH!!!**

OKAY, WHAT DO YOU THINK?

HMM, IT LOOKS LIKE A PAGE OUT OF A CHILDREN'S COLORING BOOK. BUT PAINTED WITH...WITH...

OH, OKAY. WELL, IT'S A VERY GOOD CRAYON COLORING JOB.

**CRAYONS!**

WELL, I AM AN ADULT.

WAIT A MINUTE, YOU'VE **TRACED** THIS OUT OF A COLORING BOOK...

...AND FAITHFULLY REPRODUCED EVERY CRUDE OVERSIMPLIFICATION. TRUE?

THAT'S THE POINT, IDIOT!

DUDE, HOW'RE THOSE BOOKS COMING?

I'D AGREED TO DO THE BOOKKEEPING FOR THE BOSS, BUT HADN'T FOUND THE GUTS TO TELL HIM I DIDN'T KNOW HOW. THIS WAS MY CHANCE...

...SO I BAILED.

AND OVERHEATED.

MY LIFE SUCKS.

I ONLY HAVE ONE ESCAPE...

...COLORING.

I INHERITED THIS DUMP FROM MY PARENTS, WHO DIED WHEN I WAS LITTLE. I KNOW IT'S FLUNKY, BUT I'VE LIVED HERE SO LONG, I CAN'T IMAGINE ANYTHING ELSE.

MICKEY COMES OVER, BUT LIVES WITH HER DAD AND HER SISTERS.

MY ENTIRE SELF-ESTEEM HINGES ON MAKING IT AS AN ARTIST. NOT THAT I'M OBSESSIVE OR ANYTHING...

...THAT'S MICKEY'S HANGUP.

SHE WANTS TO BUY HER OWN TOW TRUCK, SO SHE CAN GET "OUT FROM UNDER DAD'S THUMB", AS SHE SAYS.

WHenever I show Mickey my art, it always causes a fight.

I know she doesn't get it. She knows that no matter what she says, I'll blow up.

Well... what do you think?

Uh... it's nice.

"Nice"?

Okay... it's orange.

Of course it's orange, you fool!

What do you think of it as a "sarcastic indictment of a mass market commercial icon"?

Yeah, it makes a good one of those too.

Yes, but which do you think of first...



Either one, it makes a good pokey, or that other stuff... sarcastic eye-con...

Please don't placate me, Mickey. I want your honest opinion.

Well, I don't understand that crap! If it makes you happy, do it!

She thinks I'm a joke! How could somebody so down to earth attract me in the first place?



AWW...C'MON. DON'T BE A "MR. SOUR-PUSS"! YOU'LL BE A FAMOUS ARTIST SOMEDAY. EVEN SAFETY BOB SAYS SO.

YOU KNOW YOU'VE BEEN WITH SOMEBODY TOO LONG, WHEN THIS KIND OF TALK DOESN'T SOUND WEIRD ANYMORE.

 <p>MICKEY DREAMS OF ESCAPE ALSO.</p> <p>USED TOW TRUCK FOR SALE... Hahah.</p>	 <p>HERS REVOLVE AROUND PAYING OFF THE 20 THOUSAND HER DAD LOANED HER TO GO TO COLLEGE.</p>	 <p>THE IRONY OF PAYING FOR A "HIGHER EDUCATION" BY DRIVING A TOW TRUCK IS NOT LOST ON HER.</p>	 <p>SHE WANTS ME TO SELL THE HOUSE JUST TO PAY HER DEBT. THIS IS A SOURCE OF MAJOR FRICTION, BECAUSE...I WON'T.</p>	 <p>MY FAVORITE LINE IS:</p> <p>IF YOU REALLY LOVED ME, YOU'D SELL THIS DUMP AND HELP ME BE FREE OF DADDY!</p>
 <p>BUT IT'S MY HOUSE! HER DEBT!</p>	 <p>I KNOW SHE FEELS THIS AS AN ENORMOUS REJECTION OF HER.</p>	 <p>BUT IF SHE THINKS I'M GONNA GIVE UP MY LEVERAGE WITH HER...</p>	 <p>...SHE'S A @#%&amp;*&amp;# IDIOT!</p>	 <p>I TELL HER THIS IN A CLUMSY WAY THAT HAS LESS TO DO WITH ILLUMINATION...</p>



...AND MORE TO DO WITH ME BEING PISSED ABOUT POKEY.



AND WE'RE OFF!

# DADDY

MICKEY'S DAD IS THE POLAR OPPOSITE OF ME. I'LL NEVER BE THE MAN HE IS! (AND IF I WAS, I'D WAKE UP SCREAMING.) SHE TREATS HER DAD WITH A RESPECT SHE NEVER SHOWS ME...

...WHICH IS WEIRD, BECAUSE HE'LL TURN AROUND AND BERATE HER OVER NOTHING IN A SECOND.

HE THINKS I'M FROM NEPTUNE. HE DOESN'T CONSIDER SELLING KEYBOARDS TO BE A "REAL JOB", LET ALONE COLORING!

I CAN FEEL MICKEY'S EMBARRASSMENT WHEN MY COLORING COMES UP, AND HER DAD GETS THAT PUZZLED LOOK. SHE LIVES FOR HIS APPROVAL. SHE ALSO HATES HIS GUTS FOR WANTING IT.

IT'S COMPLEX.

IT'S LIKE NO MATTER HOW HARD SHE TRIES TO PROVE THAT SHE'S ALL GROWN UP...

OKAY... KEEP COMING... THAT'S IT...

IT WAS A SIMPLE TASK, BUT I COULD FEEL HER WALKING ON EGGSHELLS. THIS ALWAYS HAPPENED WHENEVER THE TWO OF THEM GOT TOGETHER...

IT'S OKAY, MICKEY... EVERYBODY SCREWS UP IN FRONT OF--

...IT'S LIKE SHE'S FOUR YEARS OLD ALL OVER AGAIN.

STOP! @###!

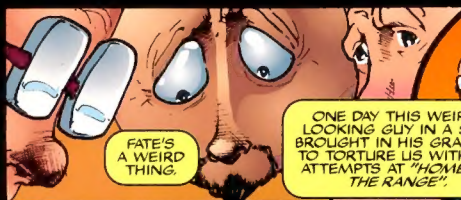
DANG IT, MICKEY! DADDY'S LITTLE PIGLET STRIKES AGAIN.

I DIDN'T "SCREW UP", DUDE.

I DON'T GET IT. I'VE SEEN YOU PARK YOUR TRUCK A MILLION TIMES AND NEVER SCREW IT UP. HE EVEN USED THE "P-WORD" THAT I'M FORBIDDEN TO MENTION.

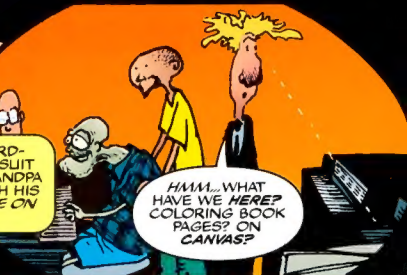
SHUT UP.





FATE'S A WEIRD THING.

ONE DAY THIS WEIRD-LOOKING GUY IN A SUIT BROUGHT IN HIS GRANDPA TO TORTURE US WITH HIS ATTEMPTS AT "HOME ON THE RANGE".

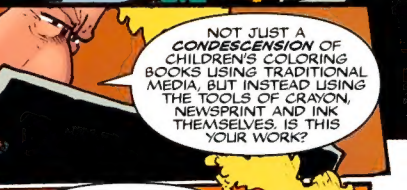


HMMM... WHAT HAVE WE HERE? COLORING BOOK PAGES? ON CANVAS?

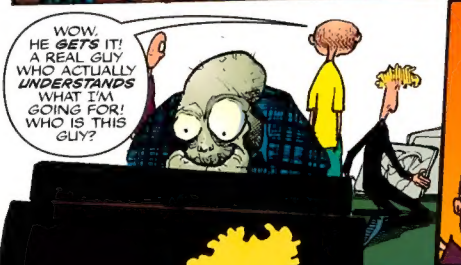


UH... YEAH, BUT--

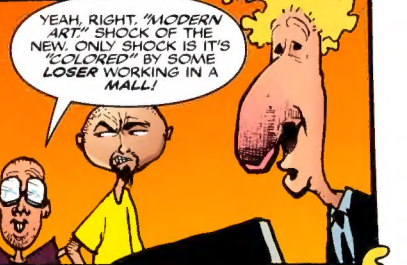
FASCINATING. IT'S AS IF WARHOL, OLDENBURG, AND ROSENQUIST ALL MATED AND BEGAT AN ENTIRELY NEW FORM OF ART.



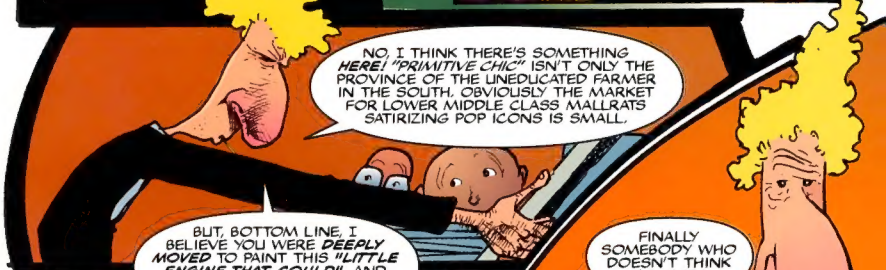
NOT JUST A CONDESCENSION OF CHILDREN'S COLORING BOOKS USING TRADITIONAL MEDIA, BUT INSTEAD USING THE TOOLS OF CRAYON, NEWSPRINT AND INK THEMSELVES. IS THIS YOUR WORK?



WOW. HE GETS IT! A REAL GUY WHO ACTUALLY UNDERSTANDS WHAT I'M GOING FOR! WHO IS THIS GUY?



YEAH, RIGHT. "MODERN ART" SHOCK OF THE NEW. ONLY SHOCK IS IT'S "COLORED" BY SOME LOSER WORKING IN A MALL!



NO, I THINK THERE'S SOMETHING HERE! "PRIMITIVE CHIC" ISN'T ONLY THE PROVINCE OF THE UNEDUCATED FARMER IN THE SOUTH. OBVIOUSLY THE MARKET FOR LOWER MIDDLE CLASS MALLRATS SATIRIZING POP ICONS IS SMALL.

BUT, BOTTOM LINE, I BELIEVE YOU WERE DEEPLY MOVED TO PAINT THIS "LITTLE ENGINE THAT COULD". AND SUCH DEDICATION IS EXACTLY WHAT I'M LOOKING FOR.

NAME'S SIDNEY KROFFT. BUT CALL ME SID.



I DEAL IN ART. I WOULD LIKE YOU TO CONSIDER HAVING ME REPRESENT YOU.



FINALLY SOMEBODY WHO DOESN'T THINK I'M NUTS.

YOU'RE A FRUIT LOOP DUDE, AND I BET HE IS TOO.

NO JOE, THIS GUY'S FOR REAL.

EVERYBODY'S GOT THEIR "DIRTY LITTLE SECRETS". MINE WAS THE MOUNTING DRAWER FULL OF **BILLS** AND PAST DUE **MORTGAGE PAYMENTS** I'D TAKEN OVER AFTER MICKEY MOVED BACK HOME.

I WAS IN OVER MY HEAD BUT DIDN'T WANT TO FACE IT. WHAT KIND OF GUY CAN'T HANDLE MONEY?

IT WAS TOTALLY OUT OF CONTROL...

...AND IT WAS ALL I COULD DO TO HIDE IT FROM HER.

THIS MACHINE MUST BE BROKEN. I DON'T EVEN **KNOW** 28 PEOPLE.

A WHILE BACK I SAW MICKEY ACCIDENTALLY FLUSH AN EXPENSIVE **PEN NIB** DOWN THE **TOILET**. SHE THINKS I DON'T KNOW, BUT SHE FEELS SO **GUILTY**. SHE'S BEEN COUGHING UP FAVORS WHENEVER I BRING IT UP.

HEY! WHY AM I DOING **YOUR** LAUNDRY WHEN I DON'T EVEN **LIVE** HERE?

BECAUSE YOU **WUV** ME?

...UH HUH.

HEY! GET YOUR BUTT OFF THAT COUCH AND **HELP** ME, OKAY?

OKAY...BE THERE IN A SEC.

DUDE, SOMETHING HAPPENED, YOU NEVER MADE IT.

VERY FUNNY.

C'MON, DUDE, DON'T MAKE ME SOUND LIKE A BITCH. GET YOUR @\$\$ IN HERE!

SORRY, MICKEY, I WAS JUST DISTRACTED LOOKING FOR THAT **PEN NIB** AGAIN. I THOUGHT IT MIGHT HAVE FALLEN IN THE COUCH.

=SIGH=

TELL YOU WHAT, I'LL DO THE LAUNDRY **TOMORROW** IF YOU LET ME SLEEP OVER TONIGHT. HOW'S **THAT** SOUND?

GREAT!

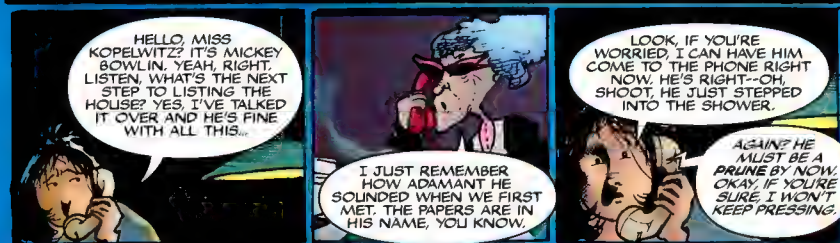
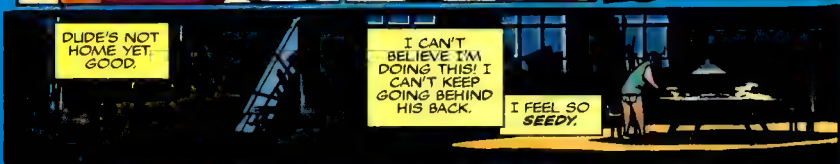
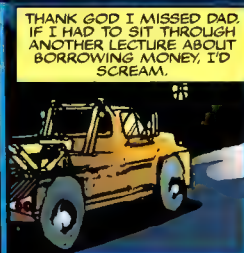
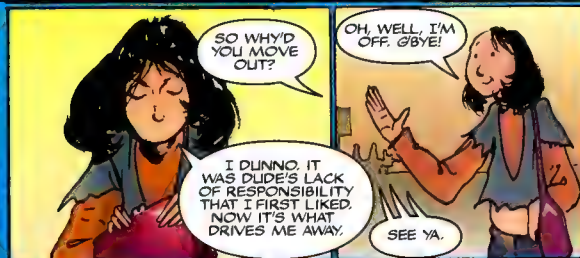
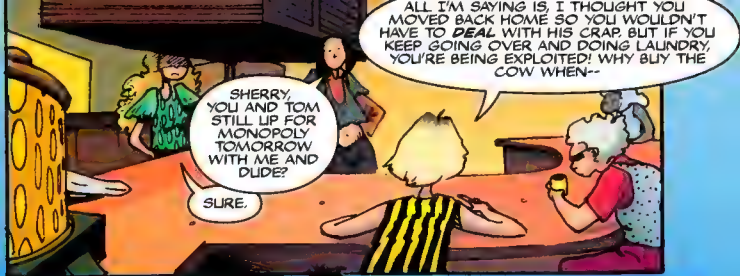
SCORE!

So...

CLICK

IF YOU THINK YOUR STUPID **NIB** IS WORTH A FREE BOINK...GLUESS AGAIN, BUB.





I HATE MONOPOLY. MY DAD TAUGHT ME TO PLAY AS A GIRL. HE'D GLOATINGLY WIN UNTIL HE PUSHED ME TO TEARS.

NOW I HATE IT BECAUSE I HAVE TO PRETEND I'M NOT GOOD JUST TO PROTECT DUDE'S FRAGILE MALE EGO.

I KNOW, STEVE'S THE SAME WAY.

MICKEY ALWAYS GETS THIS FUNNY LOOK WHEN WE PLAY MONOPOLY LIKE SHE FEELS SORRY FOR ME.

BUT SCREW IT. I'M ACTUALLY A MUCH BETTER PLAYER THAN HER.

THAT'S SUCH CRAP! YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE TO WALK ON EGGSHHELLS CAUSE HE CAN'T PLAY WELL. MANIPULATING MEN IS WHAT OUR MOMS DID.

YOU'RE RIGHT...BUT OUR WHOLE LIVES ARE ABOUT BOTH OF US TIPTOEING AROUND HIS INADEQUACIES.

I'M SICK OF IT. I TELL HER NOT TO FLACATE ME, BUT SHE DOESN'T LISTEN. I WANT A GIRLFRIEND, NOT A MOTHER.

I KNOW! AND ONCE YOU'RE VULNERABLE, THEY CONTROL YOU WITH THE ONE THING THEY KNOW WE MUST HAVE...

...REGULAR SEX?

MY DEFENSES ARE WAY TOO HIGH FOR EVEN INTIMACY, LET ALONE SEX. HOW DOES HE EXPECT ME TO LET DOWN AND BE CLOSE, WHEN NONE OF THE BIG ISSUES ARE RESOLVED, LIKE...

...SHE THINKS YOU'RE A MEAL TICKET?

WHY ELSE IS SHE ALWAYS AFTER ME TO SELL THE HOUSE? SHE'S TERRIFIED I'LL QUIT THE MALL, TRY TO SELL PAINTINGS, AND WE'LL STARVE! SHE'S SO PRACTICAL. IT'S ALWAYS ABOUT...

BUCKS. THAT'S ALL HE THINKS I WANT. BUT THE FACT THAT DUDE WON'T SELL HIS HOUSE IS A SYMBOL OF HOW HE CARES MORE ABOUT HIMSELF THAN ME. WE COULD START A NEW LIFE WITH THAT MONEY.

THE POINT IS...WE WERE BOTH PRETTY CLOSE TO WORKING ALL OF THIS OUT WHEN SHE CHICKENED OUT AND MOVED BACK HOME! AND SINCE THEN WE'VE JUST BEEN OPPOSITE CORNERS, TWO STUBBORN FOOLS!

YOU KNOW, I'M AS SICK OF ME PRETENDING AS DUDE IS! TONIGHT I'M GOING TO KICK HIS BUTT!

IS THAT WISE?

NO, BUT IT'S OVERDUE.

I'M AFRAID I'M GOING TO HAVE TO TEACH MICKEY A LESSON. I BET WE'D BOTH RELAX IF I'D JUST TAKE THE REINS AND SHOW HER WHO WEARS THE PANTS AROUND HERE.

BUT IS MONOPOLY THE BEST PLACE TO MAKE YOUR STAND?

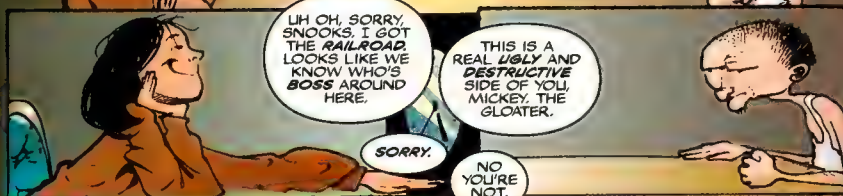
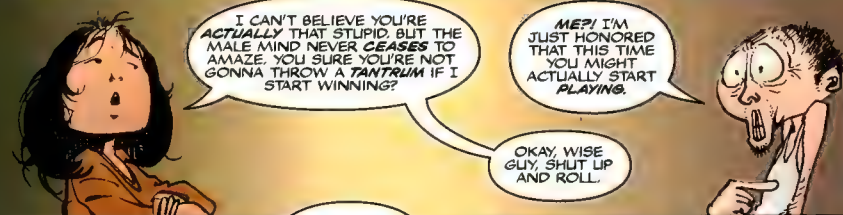
BEATS REAL LIFE.

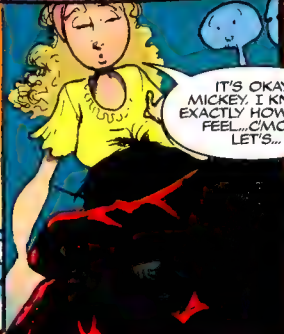
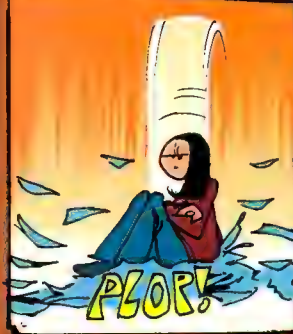
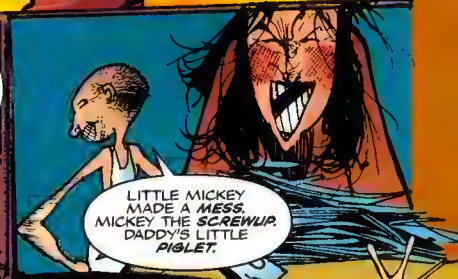
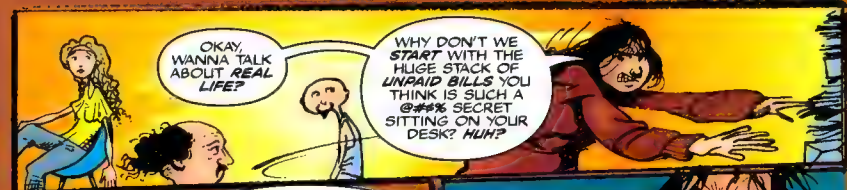
WE'RE BACK WITH LOTS OF JUNKY FOOD AND BEER!

COOL

OKAY. LET THE GAMES...

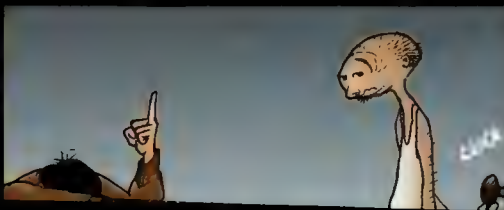








OKAY, SEE  
YOU GUYS  
LATER. WE'LL DO  
IT AGAIN REAL  
SOON.



MICKEY, I  
WANT YOU TO  
MOVE BACK  
IN!

I KNOW WE FIGHT  
LIKE CATS AND DOGS  
AND WILL CONTINUE  
TO DO SO, AND I'VE  
HAD **REALIZATIONS**  
LIKE THIS BEFORE,  
AND NOTHING'S  
CHANGED.



THE REAL REASON  
I GOT PISSED WHILE  
PLAYING IS THAT I FELT  
LIKE **YOU** MUST'VE FELT  
AS A **LITTLE KID!**

IT FELT LIKE  
**YOU** WERE PICKING  
ON **ME** THE WAY  
YOUR **DAD** PICKS  
ON **YOU!**

I KNOW YOU DON'T  
RESPECT ME AS MUCH  
AS HIM, BUT AT MY WORST,  
I CAN STILL GIVE YOU  
SOMETHING HE **NEVER**  
CAN...APPROVAL. I'LL TAKE  
CARE OF...

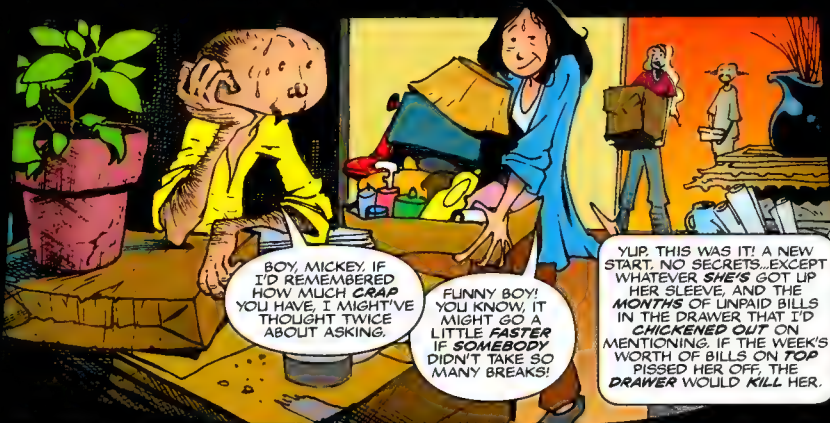
...THAT  
FOUR YEAR  
OLD INSIDE  
YOU...

BUT I DON'T  
THINK MOVING  
BACK HOME PROVED  
**ANYTHING** TO YOUR  
DAD, AND YOU SEEM  
**UNHAPPY** THERE!



...HE'S **STILL**  
IGNORING.

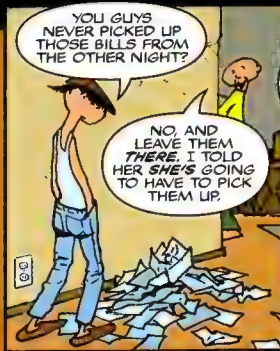




BOY, MICKEY, IF I'D REMEMBERED HOW MUCH CRAP YOU HAVE, I MIGHT'VE THOUGHT TWICE ABOUT ASKING.

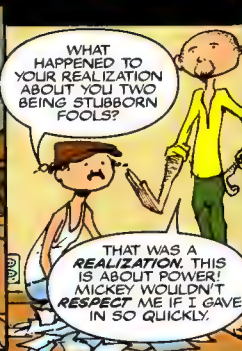
FUNNY BOY! YOU KNOW, IT MIGHT GO A LITTLE FASTER IF SOMEBODY DIDN'T TAKE SO MANY BREAKS!

YUP. THIS WAS IT! A NEW START. NO SECRETS...EXCEPT WHATEVER SHE'S GOT UP HER SLEEVE, AND THE MONTHS OF UNPAID BILLS IN THE DRAWER THAT I'D CHICKENED OUT ON MENTIONING. IF THE WEEK'S WORTH OF BILLS ON TOP PISSED HER OFF, THE DRAWER WOULD KILL HER.



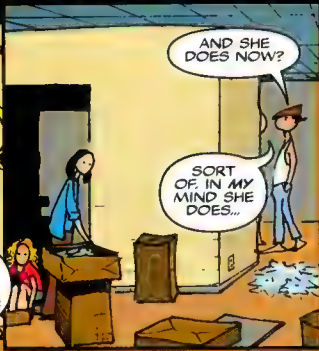
YOU GUYS NEVER PICKED UP THOSE BILLS FROM THE OTHER NIGHT?

NO, AND LEAVE THEM THERE, I TOLD HER SHE'S GOING TO HAVE TO PICK THEM UP.



WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR REALIZATION ABOUT YOU TWO BEING STUBBORN FOOLS?

THAT WAS A REALIZATION. THIS IS ABOUT POWER! MICKEY WOULDN'T RESPECT ME IF I GAVE IN SO QUICKLY.



AND SHE DOES NOW?

SORT OF, IN MY MIND SHE DOES...



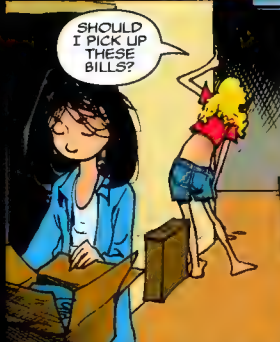
TELL THE TRUTH--YOU JUST CARRY AROUND THAT "CRAZY BOB" TO DRIVE DUDE NUTS, HUH?



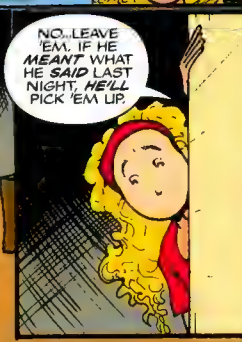
IT'S "SAFETY BOB" AND WHEN HE FIGURES OUT WHAT IT'S REPLACING, I'LL GET RID OF IT.

HOW? MINDREADING?

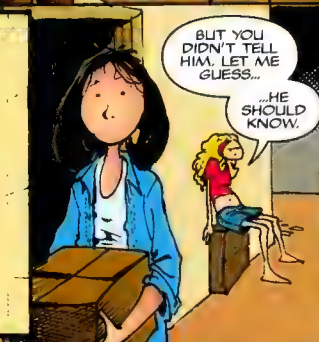
I SHOULDN'T HAVE TO TELL HIM THIS STUFF, SHERRY. HE SHOULD "JUST KNOW".



SHOULD I PICK UP THESE BILLS?



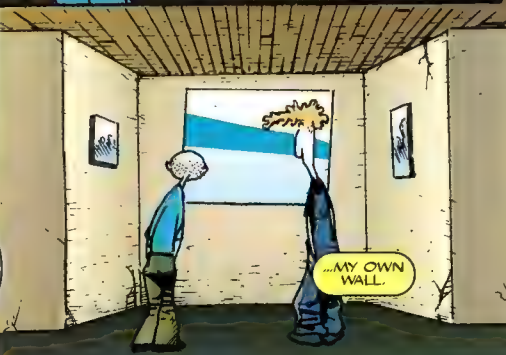
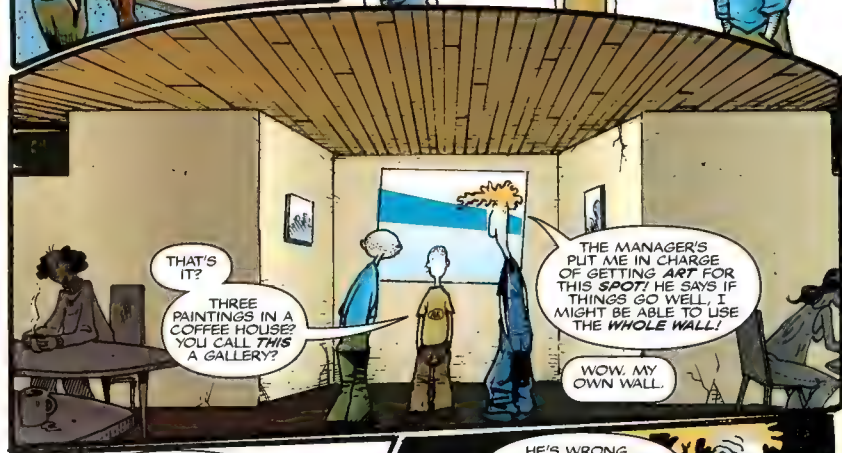
NO, LEAVE 'EM. IF HE MEANT WHAT HE SAID LAST NIGHT, HE'LL PICK 'EM UP.

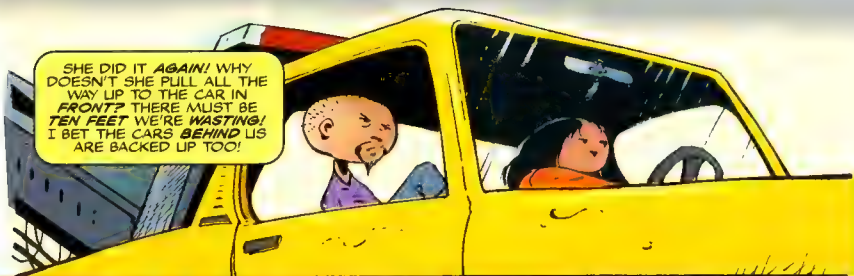


BUT YOU DIDN'T TELL HIM, LET ME GUESS...

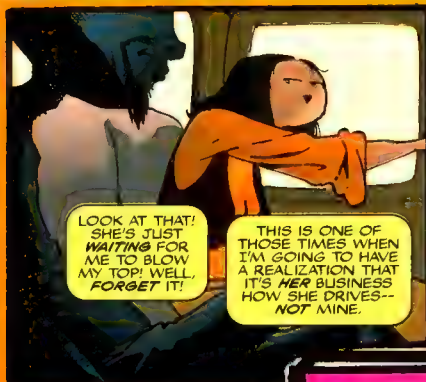
...HE SHOULD KNOW.







SHE DID IT AGAIN! WHY DOESN'T SHE PULL ALL THE WAY UP TO THE CAR IN FRONT? THERE MUST BE TEN FEET WE'RE WASTING! I BET THE CARS BEHIND US ARE BACKED UP TOO!



LOOK AT THAT! SHE'S JUST WAITING FOR ME TO BLOW MY TOP! WELL, FORGET IT!

THIS IS ONE OF THOSE TIMES WHEN I'M GOING TO HAVE A REALIZATION THAT IT'S HER BUSINESS HOW SHE DRIVES--NOT MINE.



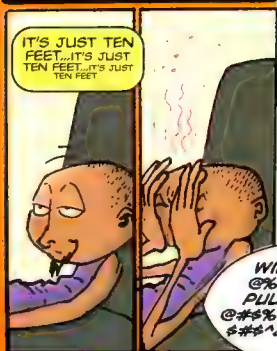
AFTER ALL--IF I TRUST HER ENOUGH TO LET HER DRIVE...



...I SHOULD TRUST HER ABILITY TO MAKE DECISIONS...



...NO MATTER HOW STUPID OR IDIOTIC...



IT'S JUST TEN FEET...IT'S JUST TEN FEET...IT'S JUST TEN FEET



WILL YOU @%\$&%\$& PULL UP TO @###^&#@ FOR \$\$\$^&@&???

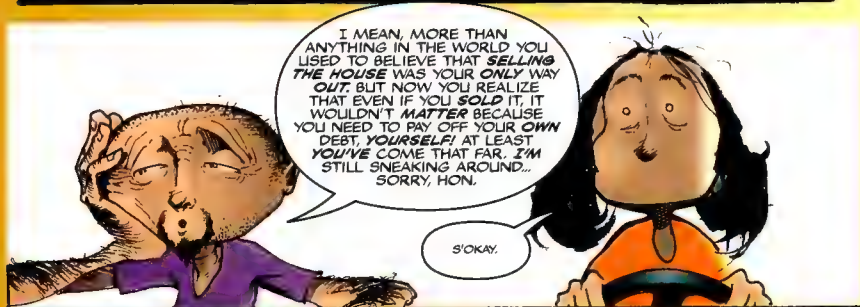
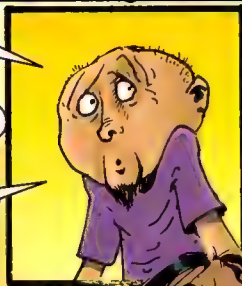
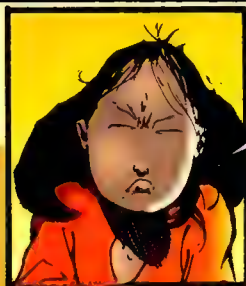
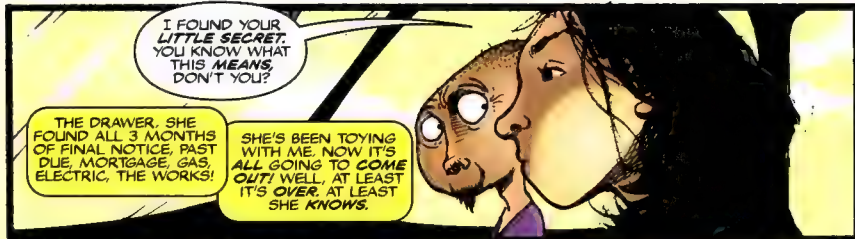


WAS THAT A SENTENCE? I DON'T THINK IT WAS.



'CAUSE IF IT WAS, SOMEBODY'S UNDERMINING EVERYTHING HE PROMISED TO ME WHEN HE ASKED ME TO MOVE IN LAST WEEK.





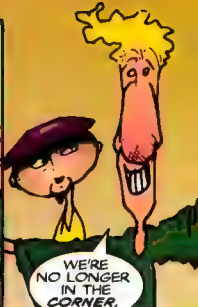
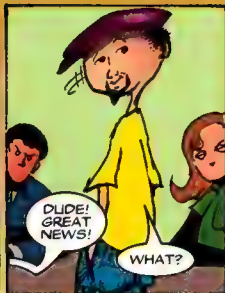




WELL, IT FINALLY HAPPENED. THE MANAGER PUT A TABLE IN THE CORNER OF MY THREE PAINTINGS.



NOW YOU HAVE TO AWKWARDLY STAND OVER THE PEOPLE SITTING THERE TO SEE 'EM. OH WELL, AT LEAST THEY'RE THERE.



DUDE...? ARE YOU OKAY?

OH, AND YOU KNOW THAT PAINTER IN TOWN? THE ONE WHO PAINTS PIES?

WAYNE T'PAU? HE'S MY BIGGEST INFLUENCE. HE'S A GOD.



WELL, I USED TO DATE HIS POOL MAN'S SISTER...AND I PULLED A FEW STRINGS AND I GOT HIS NUMBER AND SENT HIM SLIDES OF YOUR WORK.

MAYBE IF HE LIKES 'EM, HE COULD COME TO THE OPENING. WE COULD USE SOME CLOUT. IF I COULD JUST GET A PARTNER I COULD OPEN MY OWN GALLERY.

SID, IF YOU'RE MY FRIEND, YOU'LL GIVE ME THAT NUMBER PLEASE. WAYNE T'PAU IS MY IDOL. I'VE GOT TO TALK TO HIM. IF HE LIKES MY WORK THAT COULD CHANGE MY WHOLE LIFE. PEOPLE LISTEN TO THIS GUY.



OK, DUDE, BUT DON'T PUT TOO MUCH INTO THIS ONE GUY. THE SHOW WILL BE A HIT ANYWAY.



MICKEY? I'VE GOT GREAT NEWS! I'LL BE HOME IN HALF AN HOUR.





HI, HONEY!  
YOU'LL NEVER  
BELIEVE--

JUST  
A SEC--I'M  
RIGHT IN THE  
MIDDLE  
OF...

I  
GOT A SHOW!  
ISN'T THAT GREAT?  
THE MANAGER OF  
COFFEE CITY GAVE  
SID A WHOLE  
WALL!

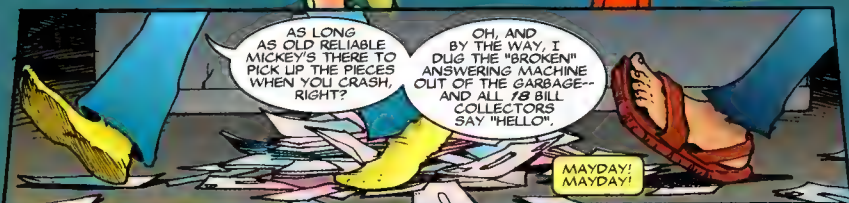
IF I  
CAN COME UP  
WITH 20 PIECES  
AND FRAME 'EM,  
SID WILL KEEP 'EM  
UP FOR A WHOLE  
MONTH! COOL OR  
WHAT?! WANNA  
BOINK?

IT'S PARTY  
TIME!

SO  
WHAT.

IT  
DOESN'T MATTER  
HOW MANY SHOWS  
YOU GET WHEN YOU  
UNDERMINE IT ALL BY  
LYING TO ME, LEAVING  
ME STUCK WITH DAD'S  
OLD CRAPPY TRUCK,  
UP TO MY ASS IN  
DEBT.

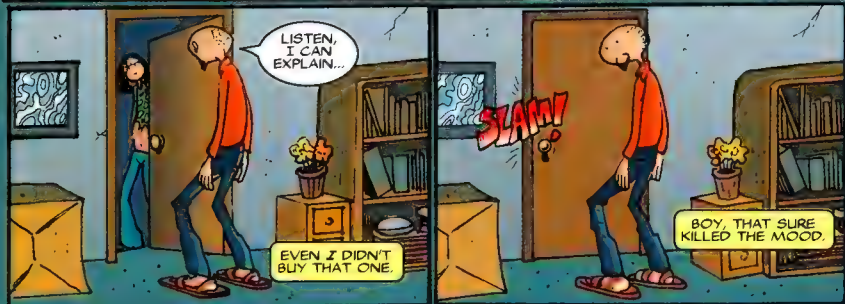
OKAY...  
MAYBE  
NOT.



AS LONG  
AS OLD RELIABLE  
MICKEY'S THERE TO  
PICK UP THE PIECES  
WHEN YOU CRASH,  
RIGHT?

OH, AND  
BY THE WAY, I  
DUG THE "BROKEN"  
ANSWERING MACHINE  
OUT OF THE GARBAGE--  
AND ALL 18 BILL  
COLLECTORS SAY "HELLO".

MAYDAY!  
MAYDAY!



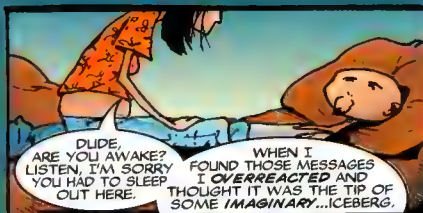
LISTEN,  
I CAN  
EXPLAIN...

EVEN I DIDN'T  
BUY THAT ONE

SLAM!

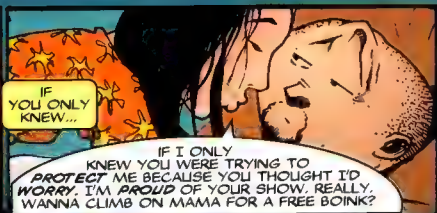
BOY, THAT SURE  
KILLED THE MOOD.





DUDE,  
ARE YOU AWAKE?  
LISTEN, I'M SORRY  
YOU HAD TO SLEEP  
OUT HERE.

WHEN I  
FOUND THOSE MESSAGES  
I **OVERREACTED** AND  
THOUGHT IT WAS THE TIP OF  
SOME **IMAGINARY...ICEBERG.**



IF  
YOU ONLY  
KNEW...

IF I ONLY  
KNEW YOU WERE TRYING TO  
**PROTECT** ME BECAUSE YOU THOUGHT I'D  
**WORRY.** I'M **PROUD** OF YOUR SHOW. REALLY,  
WANNA CLIMB ON MAMA FOR A FREE BOINK?



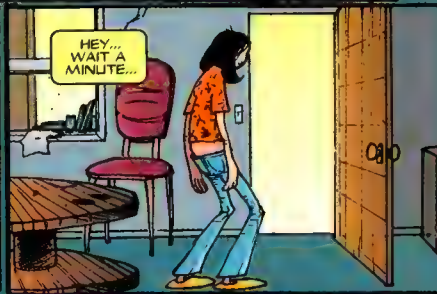
AFTER LAST  
NIGHT? I DON'T  
**THINK** SO...

I GOTTA GO. I'M TAKIN'  
THE TRUCK! BUT THIS  
**ISN'T** ABOUT MY **BILLS**  
OR YOUR **DEBT!**

I HAVE SOME  
**SUCCESS,** AND YOU  
CAN'T HANDLE IT. WELL,  
YOU'RE **WRONG.**



HA! SHOWED  
HER. I DIDN'T  
HAVE NOOKIE  
WITH HER.



HEY...  
WAIT A  
MINUTE...



BOY, TWO  
PEOPLE COULDN'T  
**MISS** MORE IF THEY  
**TRIED.** MAYBE HE'S  
RIGHT, MAY --



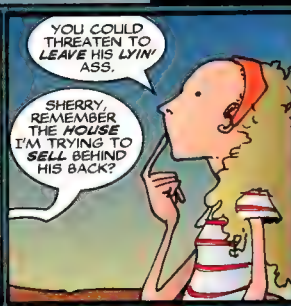
MICKEY?  
WHO ARE  
YOU  
TALKING  
TO?



MYSELF. MAY AS WELL  
BE. THE WAY ME AND  
DUDE GET ALONG. I  
FOUND OUT HE'S BEEN  
LYING ABOUT THE  
**BILLS** AGAIN.

WOW. WHAT'RE  
YOU GONNA  
DO?

I **DUNNO.**



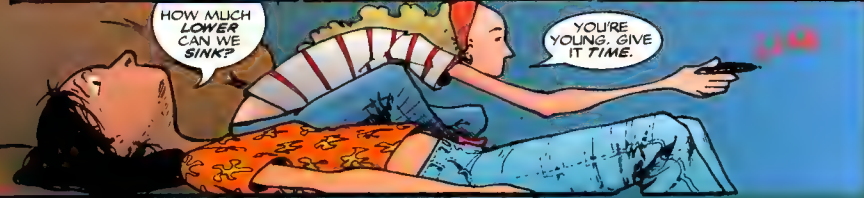
YOU COULD  
THREATEN TO  
LEAVE HIS LYIN'  
ASS.

SHERRY,  
REMEMBER  
THE **HOUSE**  
I'M TRYING TO  
**SELL** BEHIND  
HIS BACK?



OH, YEAH...THAT  
DOES TEND TO  
ERODE YOUR  
HIGH MORAL  
GROUND.

MAN,  
I'M AS  
BAD AS  
HIM.



HOW MUCH  
**LOWER**  
CAN WE  
**SINK?**

YOU'RE  
YOUNG. GIVE  
IT TIME.

MY OWN CRAP WAS  
CATCHING UP WITH ME --  
AND FAST. AND NOT  
JUST AT HOME...

WHAT DID  
I DO TO YOU  
TO DESERVE THIS?  
WHEN I ASKED YOU,  
YOU TOLD ME YOU  
COULD HANDLE THE  
BOOKS AND  
ACCOUNTING,  
REMEMBER?

WHAT'S  
WRONG?!

WHAT'S *WRONG?*! I'M BEING *AUDITED!*  
AND THE *IRS GUY* DOESN'T *BELIEVE*  
ME WHEN I TELL HIM I WAS STUPID  
ENOUGH TO *HIRE SOMEBODY WHO*  
DOESN'T KNOW WHAT HE'S *DOING!*  
IF YOU'D JUST BE *MAN ENOUGH*  
TO *TELL ME* YOU'RE IN OVER  
YOUR HEAD, INSTEAD  
OF JUST--

HEY --  
WHERE YOU  
GOING? THAT'S  
RIGHT! GO ON!  
WHO NEEDS  
YOU!

*GET  
OUT!*

YOUR ASS IS SO FIRED! I  
ALWAYS *KNEW* YOU WERE  
A WORTHLESS LOSER!

I TOLD MYSELF I WASN'T FIRED -- I QUIT! WHO  
NEEDS THAT *CRAPPY JOB* ANYWAY? BESIDES,  
AFTER THE SHOW, EVERYBODY'D SEE I WASN'T  
A JOKE. THAT'S WHAT I TOLD MYSELF, BUT  
DOWN IN MY GUT I KNEW OTHERWISE.

OH WELL.  
AT LEAST THAT  
NIGHT I FINALLY  
GOT THROUGH  
TO MY IDOL.

YES.  
"DUDE" IS IT? YES.  
WELL, I'VE RECEIVED YOUR  
SLIDES, AND I TAKE IT YOU'RE  
SERIOUS ABOUT USING THESE  
CHILDREN'S COLORING BOOK  
IMAGES AS AN ARTISTIC  
STATEMENT.

OK. TO BEGIN WITH, YOU HAVE ABSOLUTELY  
NO IDEA OF WHY THE ARTISTS YOU EMULATE  
DO WHAT THEY DO. PEOPLE LIKE ROSENQUIST,  
LIGHTENSTEIN AND OLDENBURG PAINT  
ORDINARY OBJECTS AND POP ICONS  
AS A REJECTION OF OTHER  
ARTISTS LIKE DE KOONING AND  
ROTHKO! YOUR GENERATION  
THINKS IT CAN JUMP ON  
BOARD AND COPY ARTISTS  
LIKE THAT. WHICH IS WHAT  
YOU HAVE HERE: A CHILD'S  
VERSION OF THESE  
WOULD BE PREFERABLE  
BECAUSE AT LEAST  
THAT WOULD BE OF  
PURE SPIRIT AND  
INSPIRATION.

WHATEVER  
YOUR  
INTENTIONS,  
I BEG  
YOU --

-- QUIT  
PAINTING WITH  
CRAYONS AND  
PURSUE ANOTHER  
LINE OF WORK.  
IMMEDIATELY. DO  
YOU UNDERSTAND?

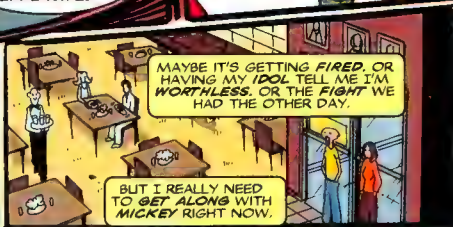
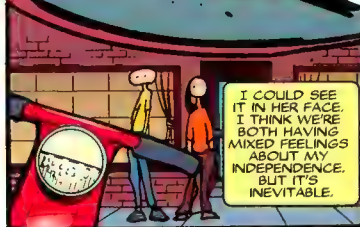
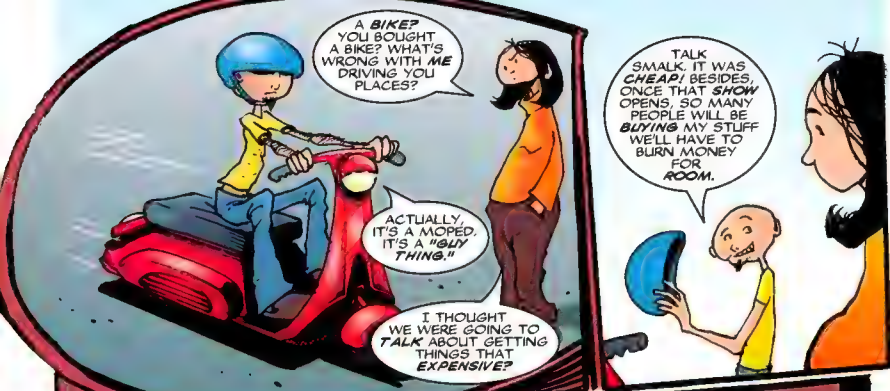
YES, MR.  
TPAU, YOU'RE  
MY IDOL. IF  
THERE'S ANYONE WHO  
UNDERSTANDS WHAT  
I'M TRYING TO DO,  
IT'S YOU. WHAT DO  
YOU THINK OF MY  
WORK?

YOU'RE  
SURE YOU  
WANT  
TO HEAR  
THIS?

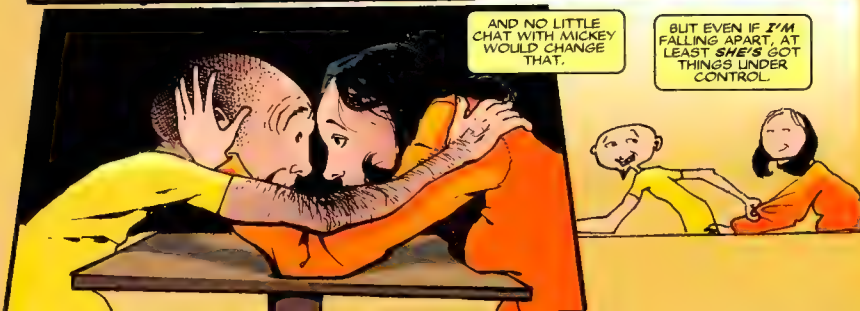
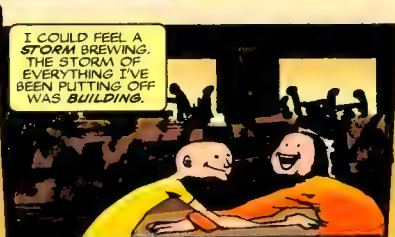
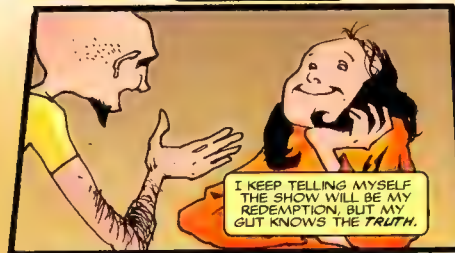
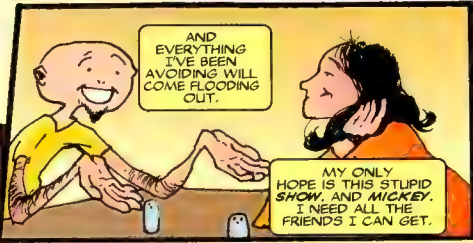
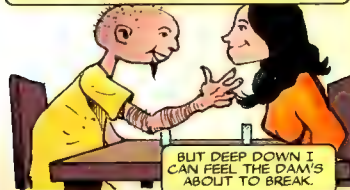
YES.

click





OUTSIDE I'M CHATTERING ON ABOUT THE SHOW, TELLING MICKEY HOW GETTING THE MOPED DOESN'T MEAN I DON'T STILL NEED HER!





MY TRUCK!  
SOME ~~YAKS~~ STOLE  
MY TRUCK OUTTA  
THE GARAGE!



POLICE?  
I WANNA  
REPORT A STOL --  
IS THIS  
MICKEY?



UH...  
YEAH,  
BUT --



THIS  
ABOUT THE  
"STOLEN  
TRUCK"  
AGAIN?



...YEAH.

CLICK

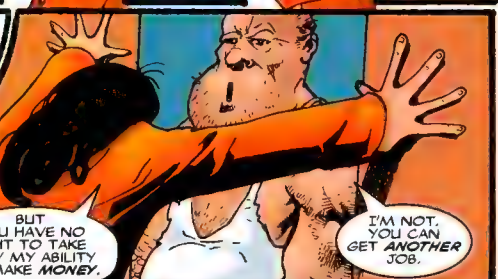


DADDY  
TOOK MY  
TRUCK  
BACK--

-- JUST TO  
PUNISH ME  
FOR MOVING  
BACK WITH  
YOU.



I'M  
THROUGH  
LOOKING LIKE  
A FOOL!



DAD!  
WE GOTTA TALK!  
IF YOU WANNA TREAT  
ME LIKE GARBAGE OR  
DISAPPROVE OF ME  
AND DUDE LIVING  
TOGETHER--OKAY.

BUT  
YOU HAVE NO  
RIGHT TO TAKE  
AWAY MY ABILITY  
TO MAKE MONEY.

I'M NOT.  
YOU CAN  
GET ANOTHER  
JOB.



YOU DON'T GET IT!  
YOU WOULDN'T DO  
THIS TO THE  
OTHER DRIVERS.  
I'M AN ADULT AND  
I WANT SOME  
RESPECT.



YOU'LL  
GET IT WHEN  
YOU STOP  
MOVING BACK  
HOME WHENEVER  
LIFE DOESN'T  
GO YOUR  
WAY...



THAT'S LOW,  
YOU WOULDN'T  
HUMILIATE ONE  
OF YOUR DRIVERS  
IF HE OWED YOU  
MONEY.

NO, I'D  
TAKE HIM TO  
COURT.



THAT'S  
TREATING  
YOU LIKE AN  
ADULT.



BUT IT'S  
NOT THAT  
SIMPLE, DADDY.  
IT MIGHT TAKE  
YEARS TO PAY  
IT ALL  
BACK.



WHEN YOU  
START PAYING ME  
BACK, YOU'LL GET  
YOUR TRUCK  
BACK.



RESPECT  
IS EARNED,  
MICKEY, NOT  
GIVEN.



© 林林



"SO WHAT?"  
SID SAID. "SCREW  
WAYNE T'PAI. THESE  
ARE WHO MATTER!  
THE PEOPLE!"

THIS IS IT. THE BIG OPENING NIGHT.  
SID HAD TAKEN ALL THE TABLES OUT  
OF COFFEE CITY. AND FOR TONIGHT  
AT LEAST, IT WAS THE CLOSEST  
THING I WAS GONNA GET TO BEING  
IN A REAL GALLERY.

UNFORTUNATELY, WHAT PASSES FOR  
CRITICS IN THIS TOWN ARE THE SAME  
PRETENTIOUS WEIRDOS WHO COME HERE  
FOR COFFEE IN THE DAYTIME. I DON'T LIKE  
OR RESPECT ANY OF THEM. YET THEY  
HOLD MY LIFE IN THEIR HANDS, WITH  
WHAT THEY THINK!

IT WAS OVER A HALF  
HOUR BEFORE IT STARTED.  
THE SHOW WAS A TOTAL  
BOMB. NO ONE EVEN  
FAKED POLITENESS. WORD  
GOT AROUND PRETTY QUICK  
THAT I WAS THE ARTIST, AND  
PEOPLE AVOIDED EYE CONTACT.

BUT I CAUGHT A  
FEW WORDS LIKE  
EMBARRASSING,  
SOPHOMORIC, AND  
RIDICULOUS.

I COULD SEE MY  
WHOLE LIFE CRUMBLE  
BEFORE MY EYES. I  
SAW MICKEY LEAN  
OVER ME AND SAY:

THIS PROBABLY  
ISN'T A GOOD TIME, BUT...  
YESTERDAY... I SORT OF... WELL,  
"SMASHED UP" YOUR MOPED.  
WHEN I WENT TO SEE DADDY.  
IT'S TRASH. NOW, BEFORE  
YOU START IN ON ME --

NOBODY HAS  
TIMING LIKE  
MICKEY. NOBODY.

IT'S OK,  
DUDE. NOBODY BUYS  
ANYTHING AT THE OPENING.  
THE PEOPLE IN THIS TOWN  
ARE IGNORANT ANYWAY.  
I BELIEVE YOU ARE A GREAT  
ARTIST. HISTORY WILL  
BEAR ME OUT.

MY GOD, HE'S  
MORE OUT OF  
TOUCH THAN ME.

THANKS,  
SID.

MICKEY, I  
DIDN'T TELL YOU,  
BUT REMEMBER THAT  
ARTIST THAT'S MY  
IDOL? WELL, I SENT HIM  
MY WORK AND HE  
PROPHESIED THIS WHOLE  
EVENT. HE KNEW IT  
WAS GARBAGE AND  
HE KNEW IT'D  
FAIL.

AWWWW,  
I'M SORRY,  
HONEY. I HAD  
NO IDEA, YOU  
POOR GUY...

NO  
WONDER  
YOU RUSHED  
RIGHT OUT AND  
STUPIDLY BOUGHT  
THAT SILLY MOPED  
WITHOUT  
CHECKING  
WITH ME!

AND  
THAT ARTIST GUY  
YOU USED TO LIKE, HE  
DOESN'T KNOW NOTHIN'!  
IS HE THE ONE THAT  
PAINTS SPAGHETTI OR  
BOMBER PLANES?

LOOK DUDE,  
I LOVE YOU,  
AND I DON'T WANT  
TO SEE YOU KEEP  
GETTING HURT. SO  
I'M GOING TO ASK  
A REALLY BRUTAL  
QUESTION.

WHY  
DO YOU INSIST  
ON PAINTING IN  
THIS **CHILDISHLY  
STUPID  
STYLE?**

YOU  
REALLY  
BELIEVE IT'S  
STUPID?

≥ SIGH ≤  
WHAT DO I  
KNOW?

I JUST  
WISH EVERYONE  
**ELSE** DIDN'T THINK SO.  
IF YOU COULD JUST  
FIND **ONE** OTHER GUY  
WHO DOESN'T THINK  
IT'S **NUTS**.

HOW  
ABOUT  
SID?

LOOK--  
I DON'T KNOW  
**ANYTHING** ABOUT ART--  
MAYBE YOU **ARE** GREAT. IT'S  
JUST PAINFUL FOR BOTH OF  
US TO SEE YOU CREATE  
SOMETHING THAT  
NOBODY WANTS  
TO LOOK AT.

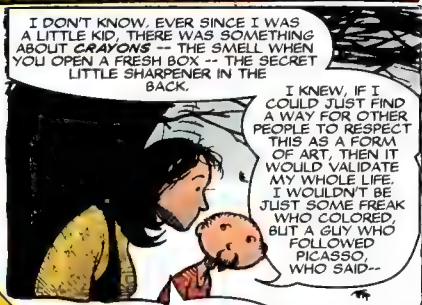
WHY DO  
YOU **CLING** TO  
THIS **ONE WAY** OF  
MAKING A **LIVING** AND  
BEING **RESPECTED** --  
WHEN NO ONE **ELSE**  
RESPECTS IT? WHY  
**CRAYONS?** COULDN'T  
IT BE OILS OR  
ACRYLICS OR EVEN  
WATERCOLORS?

I DON'T KNOW. EVER SINCE I WAS  
A LITTLE KID, THERE WAS SOMETHING  
ABOUT **CRAYONS** -- THE SMELL WHEN  
YOU OPEN A FRESH BOX -- THE SECRET  
LITTLE SHARPENER IN THE  
BACK.

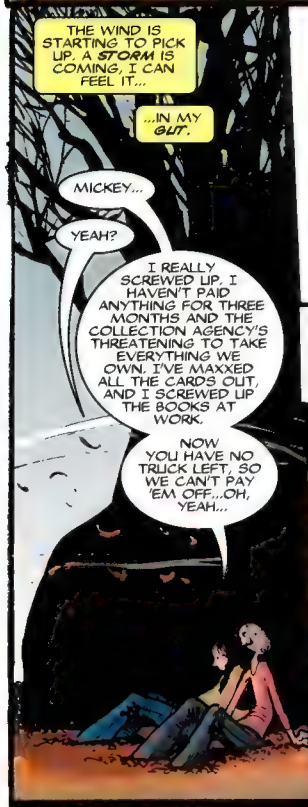
I KNEW, IF I  
COULD JUST FIND  
A WAY FOR OTHER  
PEOPLE TO RESPECT  
THIS AS A FORM  
OF ART, THEN IT  
WOULD VALIDATE  
MY WHOLE LIFE.  
I WOULDN'T BE  
JUST SOME FREAK  
WHO COLORED,  
BUT A GUY WHO  
FOLLOWED  
PICASSO.  
WHO SAID--

I  
KNOW, I KNOW,  
YOU'VE TOLD ME  
A THOUSAND  
TIMES.

--WHO  
SAID--"IT TOOK  
ME MY WHOLE LIFE  
TO LEARN TO DRAW  
AS A CHILD."









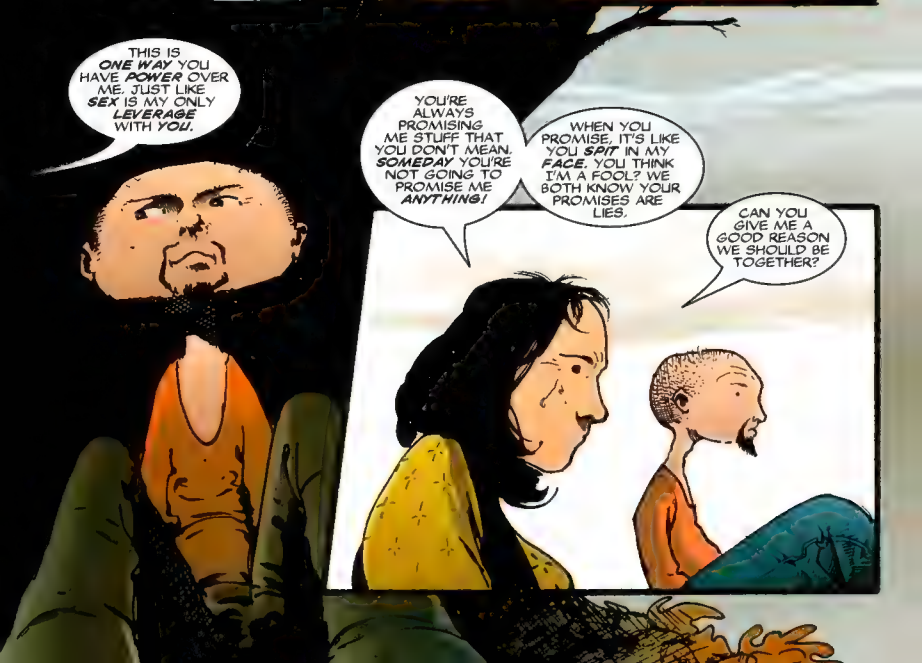
YOU'RE  
GIVING ME ALL  
THIS ~~CRAP~~ CRAP  
ABOUT LYING TO YOU,  
AND YOU SELL OUR  
~~HOUSE~~ HOUSE BEHIND  
MY BACK?! DIDN'T YOU  
THINK I MIGHT  
EVENTUALLY NOTICE  
NEW PEOPLE  
MOVING IN?

NOW WE  
KNOW THE DEPTHS  
YOU'LL SINK TO, JUST  
TO PROVE TO YOUR  
STUPID DAD YOU'RE NOT  
AN IRRESPONSIBLE  
LITTLE GIRL!



I DON'T  
BUY THIS CRAP THAT  
IT'S "ABOUT THE HOUSE".  
IF YOU WERE REALLY SO  
UPSET ABOUT ME SELLING  
THE HOUSE, THERE'S NO  
WAY YOU WOULD'VE  
RISKED LOSING IT TO  
CREDITORS!

SELLING  
THAT HOUSE IS  
THE ONE THING I  
WANT AND YOU  
WON'T SELL IT  
BECAUSE YOU FEEL  
SO POWERLESS  
EVERYWHERE  
ELSE IN YOUR  
LIFE.



THIS IS  
ONE WAY YOU  
HAVE POWER OVER  
ME JUST LIKE  
SEX IS MY ONLY  
LEVERAGE  
WITH YOU.

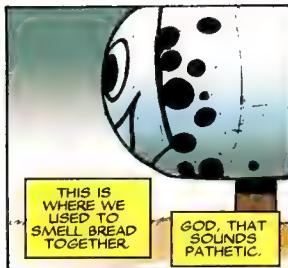
YOU'RE  
ALWAYS  
PROMISING  
ME STUFF THAT  
YOU DON'T MEAN.  
SOMEDAY YOU'RE  
NOT GOING TO  
PROMISE ME  
ANYTHING!

WHEN YOU  
PROMISE, IT'S LIKE  
YOU SPIT IN MY  
FACE. YOU THINK  
I'M A FOOL? WE  
BOTH KNOW YOUR  
PROMISES ARE  
LIES.

CAN YOU  
GIVE ME A  
GOOD REASON  
WE SHOULD BE  
TOGETHER?

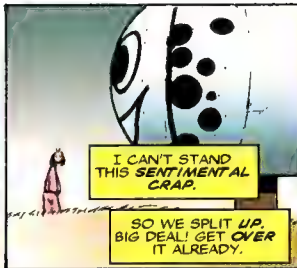






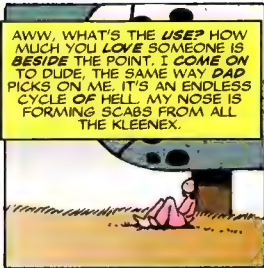
THIS IS  
WHERE WE  
USED TO  
SMELL BREAD  
TOGETHER.

GOD, THAT  
SOUNDS  
PATHETIC.



I CAN'T STAND  
THIS SENTIMENTAL  
CRAP.

SO WE SPLIT UP.  
BIG DEAL! GET OVER  
IT ALREADY.



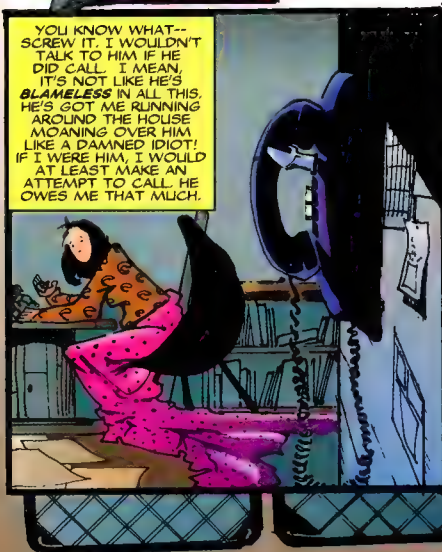
AWWW, WHAT'S THE *USE*? HOW  
MUCH YOU *LOVE* SOMEONE IS  
*BESIDE* THE POINT. I *COME ON*  
TO DUDE, THE SAME WAY DAD  
PICKS ON ME, IT'S AN ENDLESS  
CYCLE OF HELL. MY NOSE IS  
FORMING SCABS FROM ALL  
THE KLEENEX.



MAYBE THEY'RE RIGHT.  
MAYBE I *AM* JUST A  
BOSSY LITTLE RUNT.  
DADDY'S LITTLE PIGLET.  
ALWAYS HURTING ANYONE  
JUST TO GET WHAT I  
WANT. WHO WAS I  
KIDDING WITH THAT CRAP  
ABOUT SELLING THE  
HOUSE FOR DUDE?  
IT WAS FOR ME. GOD,  
I'M PATHETIC.



"AND THIS  
IS THE *WEEPY*  
SAD PART OF  
THE STORY."



YOU KNOW WHAT--  
SCREW IT. I WOULDN'T  
TALK TO HIM IF HE  
DID CALL. I MEAN,  
IT'S NOT LIKE HE'S  
*BLAMELESS* IN ALL THIS.  
HE'S GOT ME RUNNING  
AROUND THE HOUSE  
MOANING OVER HIM  
LIKE A DAMNED IDIOT!  
IF I WERE HIM, I WOULD  
AT LEAST MAKE AN  
ATTEMPT TO CALL.  
HE OWES ME THAT MUCH.

BOTTOM LINE: I'VE LOST  
RESPECT FOR DUDE. HOW  
CAN YOU RESPECT SOMEONE  
YOU HAVE TO BABY? YOU CAN'T.  
I WISH I COULD RESPECT HIM.  
IT'S NOT WHAT HE DOES.  
IT'S THE LYING, IT'S ALMOST  
LIKE HE DOESN'T RESPECT  
HIMSELF.

HE THINKS IT'S *ME*, THAT I ROB  
HIM OF POWER, BUT HE DOESN'T  
SEE THAT *HE'S* THE SOURCE OF  
HIS *POWERLESSNESS*. HE STAYS  
IN A *JOB* HE *HATES*, AND WON'T  
RISK *FAILURE*, CHOOSING TO STAY  
WHERE IT'S DEPRESSING AND  
COMFORTABLE! AND GUESS  
WHO HE TAKES IT OUT ON?



WITH  
ALL THAT SAID I  
STILL FEEL EMPTY  
WITHOUT HIM. IT'S  
KIND OF LIKE  
ACKNOWLEDGING  
AN UGLY PART  
OF YOURSELF.

I WISH I COULD  
GET THE SMELL OF  
BREAD OUT OF  
THIS SWEATER.



SHE DOESN'T SAY ANYTHING PERSONAL JUST THAT SHE DIDN'T MOVE BACK IN WITH HER DAD--BUT SHE HASN'T TOLD ANYBODY WE *SPLIT*, AND COULD I MEET HER AT THEIR HOUSE FOR THANKSGIVING SO THEY DON'T HAVE TO *FIND OUT*...

WELL, AT LEAST THAT WON'T BE AWKWARD. BUT I WROTE BACK, AND SAID YES.



AUG 5  
SEPT 12  
SEPT 28  
OCT 1

I'VE POURED OUT MY GUTS TO SID SO MUCH, I THINK HE'S SICK OF ME.



I KNOW MICKEY'S DOING FINE WITHOUT ME. I'VE LOST MY JOB, I HAVEN'T PAINTED ANYTHING IN MONTHS, AND ALL I CAN THINK ABOUT IS HER. I BLEW IT. I FEEL TOTALLY NAKED AND EXPOSED.



I DESERVE EVERYTHING THAT *HAPPENED* TO ME.

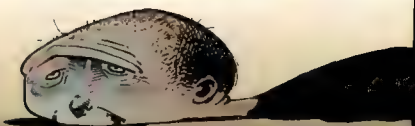
SID SAYS I NEED TO HAVE A LIFE *OUTSIDE* OF MY RELATIONSHIP.

HE SAYS IF I CAN COME UP WITH THE CASH, WE CAN START OUR OWN GALLERY WHERE WE CAN SHOW WHAT WE WANT.



I GUESS SO, WHATEVER.

MICKEY WAS LIKE A PART OF ME. LIKE MY SPLEEN. I *MISS* MY SPLEEN.



ALL I KNOW IS...

...I'D GIVE ANYTHING...

...FOR ANOTHER CHANCE.



I MET MICKEY JUST DOWN THE STREET FROM HER DAD'S HOUSE AND WE WALKED UP TOGETHER.

I WAS A LITTLE EMBARRASSED THAT I MISSED HER MORE THAN SHE MISSED ME. IN FACT, SHE LOOKED FINE!

DUDE, I WON'T LIE TO YOU, SINCE WE SPLIT I'VE BEEN A MESS.

THANK GOD.

AND I APPRECIATE YOU GOING ALONG HERE, BUT MY SCABS ARE JUST STARTING TO HEAL, AND I'M JUST STARTING TO GET MY LIFE BACK ON TRACK, SO DON'T TRY AND WEASEL YOUR WAY BACK IN--OKAY?

HEY BABE, DON'T FLATTER YOURSELF, I'M NOT THE ONE WHO CAME CRAWL --

CRAWL? CRAWL? WHY YOU --

HI!

MICKEY, DUDE, COME IN!

OKAY, LET'S JUST GET THROUGH THIS.

FINE BY ME.

ME, TOO.

OKAY.

GREAT.

OH, GROW UP.

MAKE ME.

AND SO IT WENT, UNTIL WE RAN OUT OF INSULTS, GORGED OURSELVES ON CARBOHYDRATES AND FRIED FOODS, THEN SAT AROUND FAZING IN AND OUT OF VARIOUS FOOTBALL GAMES. WE'D BOTH HAD OUR FILL OF FAMILY.

WANT TO GET OUT OF HERE?

YEAH, FOLLOW ME.





THERE'S GOT TO BE ONE ROOM THAT'S NOT CRAWLING WITH RELATIVES.

TRY THERE.



COOL! YOU'VE GOT ME ALL TO YOURSELF!

LUCKY ME.

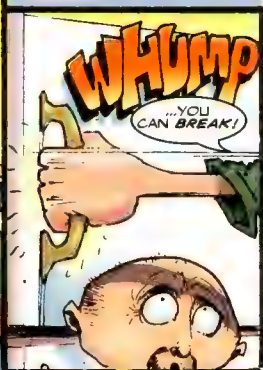
C'MON, MICKEY. THE KITCHEN'S THE PERFECT PLACE TO GET AWAY FROM EVERYONE, SPILL OUR GUTS ABOUT HOW SORRY WE ARE, AND HOW MUCH WE REALLY MISS EACH OTHER, THEN EAT A BUNCH OF ICE CREAM.



OH, SO WE'RE SUPPOSED TO LIE. WELL, YOU'RE THE EXPERT THERE, BLUB.



OR MAYBE YOU'D LIKE TO MAKE A PROMISE...

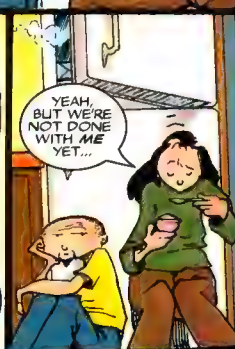


**WHUMP**  
...YOU CAN BREAK!



SCREW IT. LET'S JUST CUT TO THE ICE CREAM.

HEY, I'VE STILL GOT REASONS TO BE PISSED AT YOU TOO, YOU KNOW.



YEAH, BUT WE'RE NOT DONE WITH ME YET...



DID YOU SEE 'EM? I THINK THEY'RE IN THE KITCHEN.

SHHH

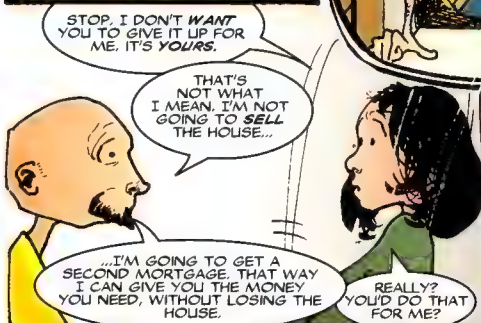
NOW WE'RE BEING HUNTED.



GO THAT WAY, MAYBE IF WE KEEP LOW, WE'LL MAKE IT OUT WITH OUR HIDES INTACT. REMEMBER THE DONNER PARTY?

THEY'RE GONNA EAT US, TOO?

WITH MY FAMILY, YOU NEVER KNOW...





A SECOND MORTGAGE  
ISN'T A WAY OUT...BUT IT'S AN  
INVESTMENT IN *BOTH* OUR DREAMS.  
SID'S INHERITED SOME MONEY, AND  
HE WANTS TO BE MY PARTNER AND  
OWN A GALLERY TOGETHER. IF I  
*CAN'T* MAKE A *LIVING* PAINTING,  
AT LEAST I CAN DO THIS. AND  
YOU CAN BUY YOUR OWN  
TRUCK, PAY OFF DAD --  
ALL OF IT.

THIS NEW SIDE OF YOU KIND  
OF *THROWS* ME. IT'S LIKE ALL  
THIS TIME, I'VE BEEN *PUSHING*  
UP AGAINST THIS "WALL",  
*WANTING THE HOUSE* --

-- AND  
ALL OF  
A SUDDEN, I  
*FALL TO THE*  
GROUND, AND  
IT'S NOT  
*THERE*.

I LOVE YOU. I WANT YOU TO MOVE BACK IN WITH  
ME. HERE'S WHAT I HAVE TO OFFER--I'LL TELL YOU  
IF I'VE *REALLY* PAID THE BILLS, IF I WILL OR WON'T  
HELP WITH THE LAUNDRY, AND IF I'M  
REALLY WORKING OR NOT!

YOU  
MIGHT NOT  
LIKE SOME OF  
THE ANSWERS --  
BUT AT LEAST  
YOU'LL KNOW  
THE TRUTH.

I FEEL  
THAT YOU  
REALLY *MEAN*  
IT, BUT HOW  
DO I KNOW  
FOR SURE?

**FLUSH!**

UH...  
THAT WASN'T  
IT.

SHH. STOP  
TALKING

FEELING YOUR  
*SINCERITY* KIND OF  
*TURNS ME ON*. I  
THINK YOU'RE ON  
A ROLL. KEEP  
GOING.

HOW 'BOUT  
THIS? "I *REALLY*  
LIKE YOUR  
FAMILY."

NOW, *THAT*  
FEELS LIKE  
BULL@#\$%

WELL,  
I DIDN'T WANT  
TO DISAPPOINT  
YOU

WELL,  
AT LEAST  
THEY'VE STOPPED  
BICKERING.

WELL, DADDY, I GUESS WE'D BETTER GET GOING.

DUDE, TAKE A LOOK AT THESE.

DADDY, PLEASE. DUDE DOESN'T WANNA SEE THOSE STUPID CARVINGS.

YOU CARVE?

YUP, IT'S JUST A HOBBY. I'D LIKE TO TEACH MICKEY, BUT SHE JUST LAUGHS.

SEE HOW EACH MARK STANDS FOR SOMETHING? LIKE THIS ONE'S MICKEY'S BIRTHDAY. HERE'S OUR TRIP TO BIG BEAR...

WOW. HOW COOL ALL ON A STICK!

YOU EVER THOUGHT OF CARVING, DUDE?

THAT'D BE PERFECT FOR YOU, HONEY... YOU CAN'T KEEP YOUR HANDS OFF YOUR STICK.

MICKEY, SHHH.

BY THE WAY, DADDY, I'M COMING BY NEXT WEEK WITH A CHECK FOR MY FULL STUDENT LOAN.

I DON'T MUCH CARE FOR YOUR TONE, MISSY. I THINK YOU'D BETTER GO.

AND I DON'T EVER WANT YOU CALLING ME A PIGLET AGAIN!

UH... G'BYE, MISTER BOWLIN.

WOW. THAT WAS A WHOLE NEW SIDE OF YOUR DAD I NEVER KNEW OF.

SO WHAT? I JUST FINALLY STOOD UP TO HIM AND ALL YOU CAN SEE ARE HIS STICKS.

THIS WHOLE CREATIVE SIDE OF HIM IS WASTED ON YOU AND YOUR SISTERS.

GROW UP, MICKEY! YOUR DAD WILL NEVER GIVE YOU APPROVAL THE WAY YOU WANT IT.

BUT MAYBE TAKING AN INTEREST IN SOMETHING HE LIKES WILL REALLY SHOW HIM YOU'RE NOT 4 YEARS OLD.





...TRUTHFUL AFTER THAT I BECAME A CONVERT. IN EVERY INSTANCE I HAD TO TELL THE TRUTH... AS I SAW IT.

HOW WAS YOUR MEAL?

IT WAS REALLY BAD, TERRIBLE IN FACT!

I REALIZED I NEVER TOLD THE TRUTH BEFORE BECAUSE I WAS AFRAID OF OTHERS' DISAPPROVAL. BUT NOW I WAS FREE.

WELL! THERE'S NO NEED TO BE RUDE!

NOT RUDE--JUST HONEST!

IT'S KIND OF COOL SEEING THAT THE WHOLE WORLD DOESN'T COLLAPSE WHEN YOU'RE BLUNT! SOMETIMES I THINK MICKEY THINKS SHE CREATED A MONSTER.

DUDE, I COULD USE SOME HELP IN HERE...

SORRY, HON, BUT I DON'T FEEL LIKE DOING THE LAUNDRY. JUST BEING TRUTHFUL.

OK, FAIR ENOUGH, BUT I DON'T FEEL LIKE HELPING YOU STRETCH CANVASSES.

I'VE BEEN THINKING, AND I'VE DECIDED I WANT HELP STRETCHING CANVASSES MORE THAN I DON'T WANT TO DO LAUNDRY.

A WISE MAN.

SO I BOUNCED BACK AND FORTH A BIT, BUT AT LEAST I WAS BREAKING THE CYCLE OF LYING TO MYSELF.

I ALSO REALIZED SOME QUESTIONS DON'T REQUIRE AN HONEST ANSWER.

LIKE MICKEY'S COUSIN ASKING IF I THOUGHT HER BLOUSE WAS UGLY.

**SWACK**

PURELY RHETORICAL.

THEN I REALIZED IT'S NOT THAT I CAN'T LIE, I JUST HAVE TO CHOOSE WHEN.



HI, DAD.  
HOW'S IT  
GOING?

MICKEY!  
HAVE A  
SEAT. WHAT'S  
UP?

I'VE  
GOT THAT  
CHECK FOR  
YOU.

I DON'T  
REALLY NEED IT,  
HONEY. WHY DON'T  
YOU AND DUDE  
KEEP IT?

I NEED  
YOU TO TAKE  
IT DADDY. WILL  
YOU?

I  
GUESS,  
IF IT MEANS  
SO DAMN  
MUCH TO  
YOU.

IT  
DOES.

HERE, I GOT  
YOU A PLUG  
OF WOOD.

HEY, DOES  
THIS MEAN YOU  
WANNA TAKE UP  
CARVING?

NOPE.  
BORES ME  
SILLY.

SORRY.

S'OKAY,  
LISTEN, MICKEY...  
I JUST WANTED  
TO SAY...

OH  
DUDE

NO, NO,  
YOU'RE DOING IT  
ALL WRONG. GO  
UP AND DOWN.  
LIKE ME. WATCH.

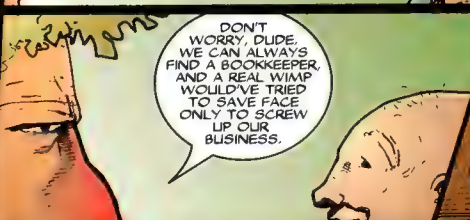
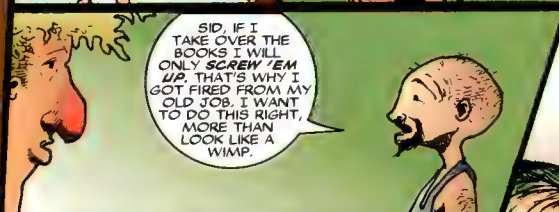
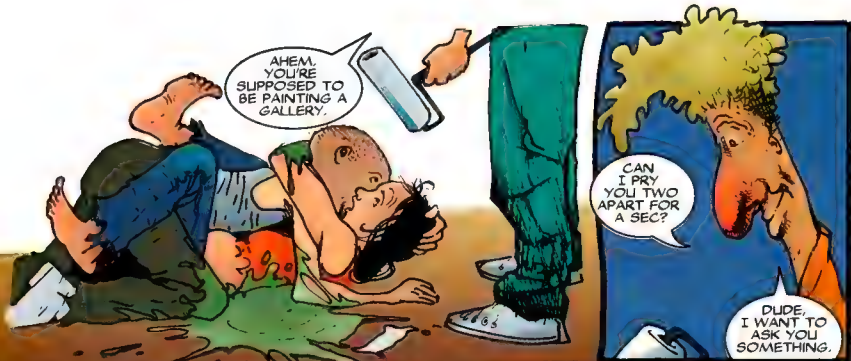
I'D LIKE  
TO WATCH  
YOU GO UP  
AND  
DOWN.

C'MERE...

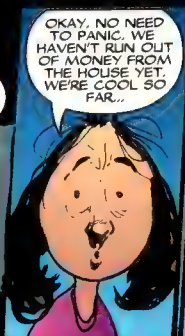
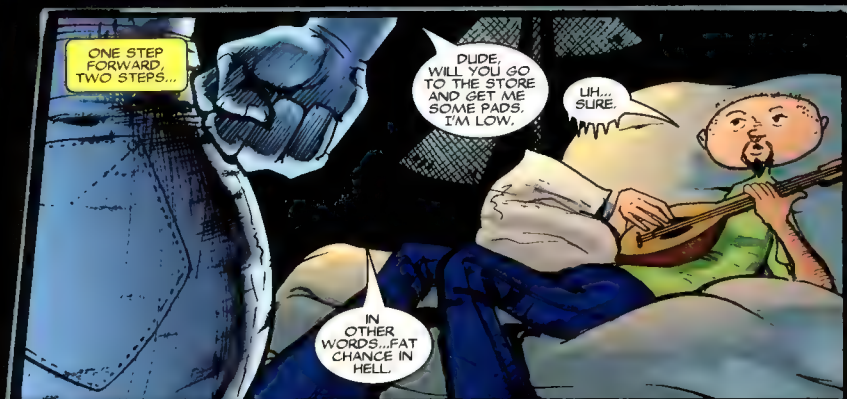
SLAP  
DRIP  
SMACK  
PCK

HEY,  
THAT  
HURTS!

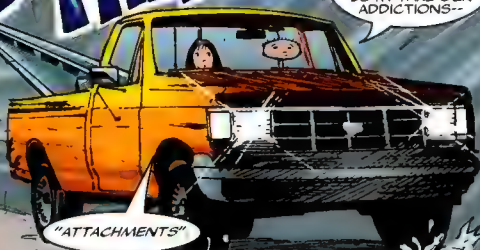
WHY DO  
YOU THINK I'M  
DOING IT?







# THE BIG TRIP



"ATTACHMENTS"

WHATEVER,  
YOUR DOLL, MY  
CRAYONS, AND  
SYMBOLICALLY  
THROW THEM OVER  
A CLIFF, THEREBY  
RELEASING US  
OF OUR OLD  
HABITS?

MORE  
OR LESS.

BUT  
I LIKE TO  
COLOR.

OH, WAIT, I  
GET IT. IT'S METAPHORICAL.  
I DON'T LITERALLY GIVE UP COLORING  
AND YOU DON'T HAVE TO GIVE UP  
UNNATURAL ATTACHMENTS TO  
PLASTIC MEN.

VERY  
FUNNY.

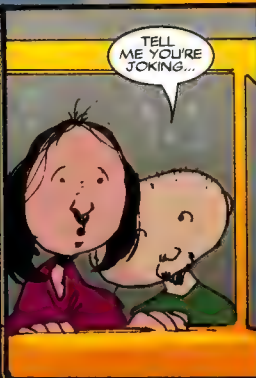
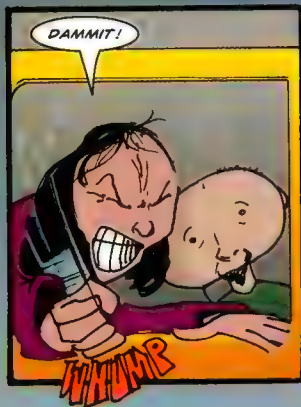
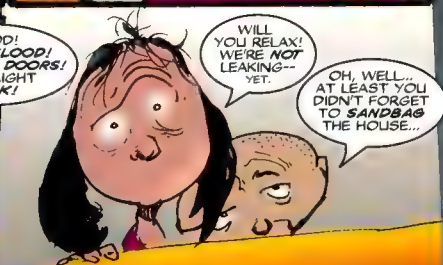
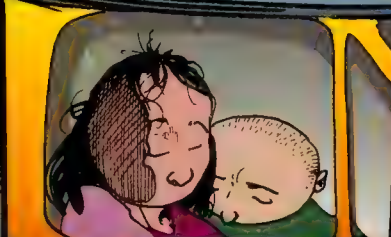
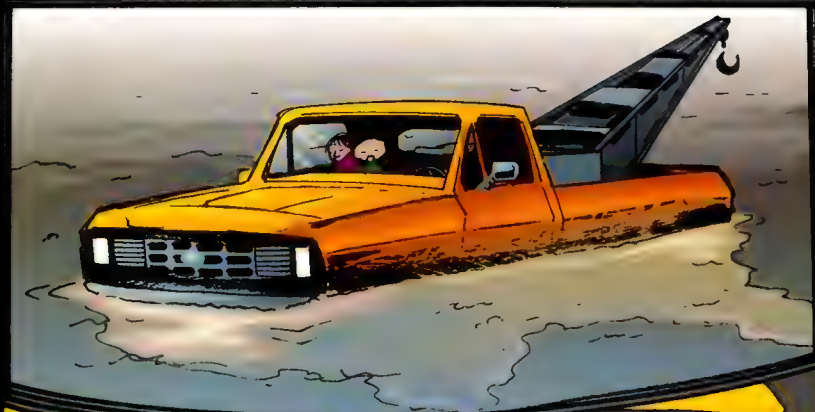
GEE, THIS RAIN IS GETTING  
PRETTY DANGEROUS. I CAN  
BARELY SEE! I'M GOING  
TO PULL OVER.

MAYBE WE  
SHOULD JUST  
STAY HERE  
TONIGHT.

I  
DON'T THINK  
WE HAVE A  
CHOICE.

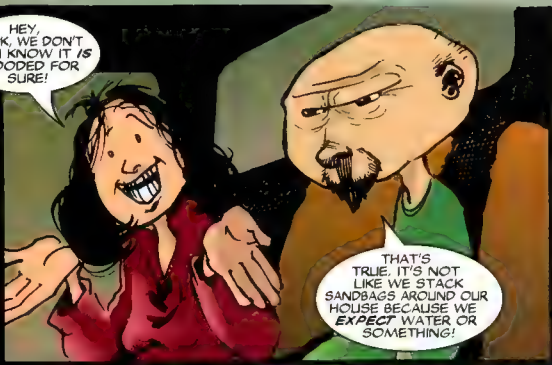








HEY,  
LOOK, WE DON'T  
EVEN KNOW IT IS  
FLOODED FOR  
SURE!



THAT'S  
TRUE, IT'S NOT  
LIKE WE STACK  
SANDBAGS AROUND OUR  
HOUSE BECAUSE WE  
EXPECT WATER OR  
SOMETHING!



AND EVEN IF IT  
WAS, THE INSURANCE'LL  
COVER IT, RIGHT?

AND YOU  
CALL ME A  
DREAMER?



MICKEY, WE'RE  
SCREWED! MY POLICY  
LAPSED WHEN I  
RAN OUT OF  
MONEY!

I DON'T HAVE  
ANY INSURANCE! YOU  
RUINED EVERYTHING!



ARE  
YOU GONNA  
YELL AT ME  
SOME  
MORE?

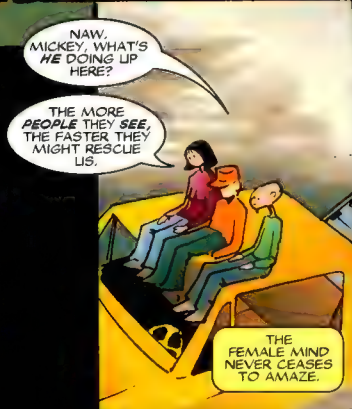


MAYBE  
LATER, WHAT'S  
THE POINT? WE'RE  
JUST KIDDING  
OURSELVES, TRYING  
TO START A "NEW  
LIFE" ANYWAY.  
-SIGH-



WE'D BE  
MORE VISIBLE  
UP HERE IN CASE  
A PLANE SPOTS  
US.

RIGHT,  
DUDE, ARE  
YOU GETTING  
WORRIED?

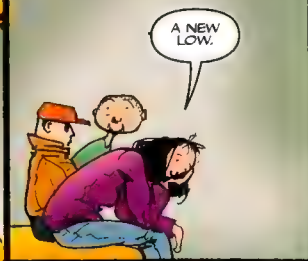
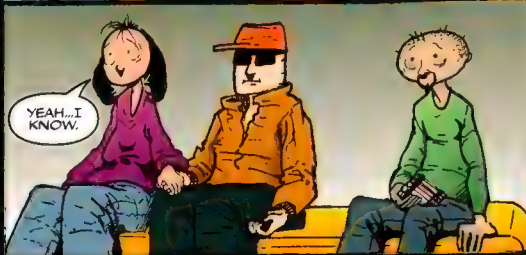
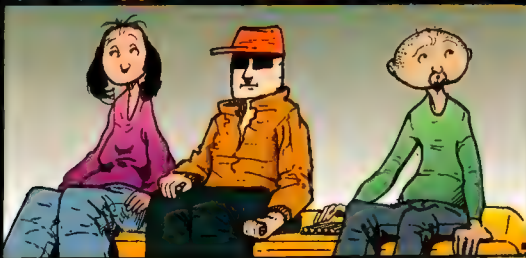
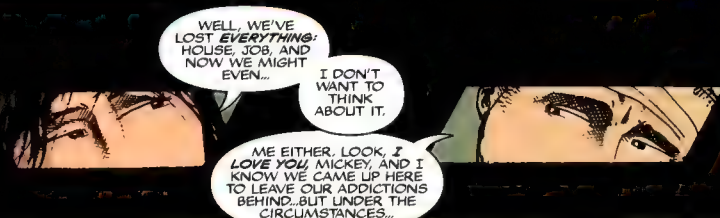


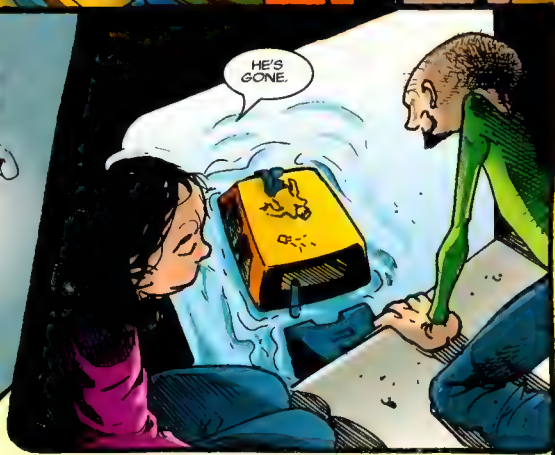
NOW,  
MICKEY, WHAT'S  
HE DOING UP  
HERE?

THE MORE  
PEOPLE THEY SEE,  
THE FASTER THEY  
MIGHT RESCUE  
US.

THE  
FEMALE MIND  
NEVER CEASES  
TO AMAZE.











YOU'RE RIGHT, DUDE. THIS TANK IS JUST LIKE OUR RELATIONSHIP.

YOU MEAN IT'S GOT A SMILEY FACE PAINTED ON IT, LITTLE CIRCLES... AND IT'S FULL OF GAS?

I MEAN IT! FOR THE FIRST TIME, I FEEL GOOD.



YUP, PRETTY HAPPY.



NOPE. IT'S PASSED. WAS HAPPY BEFORE. NOW I'M NOT.

SORRY.

S'OKAY.



YOU KNOW, IT'S SCARY WHEN YOU THINK HOW CLOSE WE REALLY CAME TO SPLITTING UP.

YEAH, AND WE'RE NOT OUT OF THE WOODS YET.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

WELL, YOU STILL ANNOY THE HELL OUT OF ME AND VICE VERSA, I STILL DON'T GET ENOUGH SEX, AND YOU CAN'T GET ENOUGH LOVE.

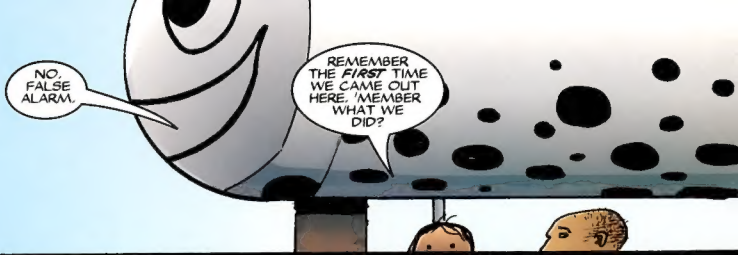


BUT THE **BIG STUFF** UNDERNEATH. YOU STARTING THE GALLERY, ME STANDING UP TO DADDY. THAT'S BETTER.

OK, MAYBE A LITTLE.

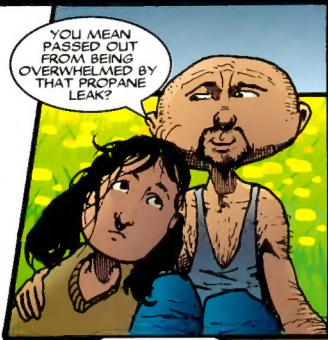
WAIT -- IT'S COMING BACK.

**DANGER**  
HIGH VOLTAGE

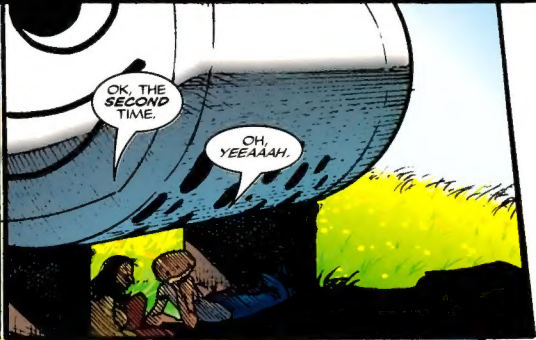


NO  
FALSE  
ALARM.

REMEMBER  
THE *FIRST* TIME  
WE CAME OUT  
HERE. 'MEMBER  
WHAT WE  
DID?



YOU MEAN  
PASSED OUT  
FROM BEING  
OVERWHELMED BY  
THAT PROPANE  
LEAK?



OK, THE  
*SECOND*  
TIME.

OH,  
YEEAAAHH.



IT WAS VERY  
ROMANTIC, MATTED  
GRASS AND THE  
SMELL OF FRESH  
BREAD.



YEAH, YOU  
KNOW FOR THE  
LONGEST TIME,  
WHEN I PASSED  
A SANDWICH  
SHOP, I'D GET  
A CHUBBY.



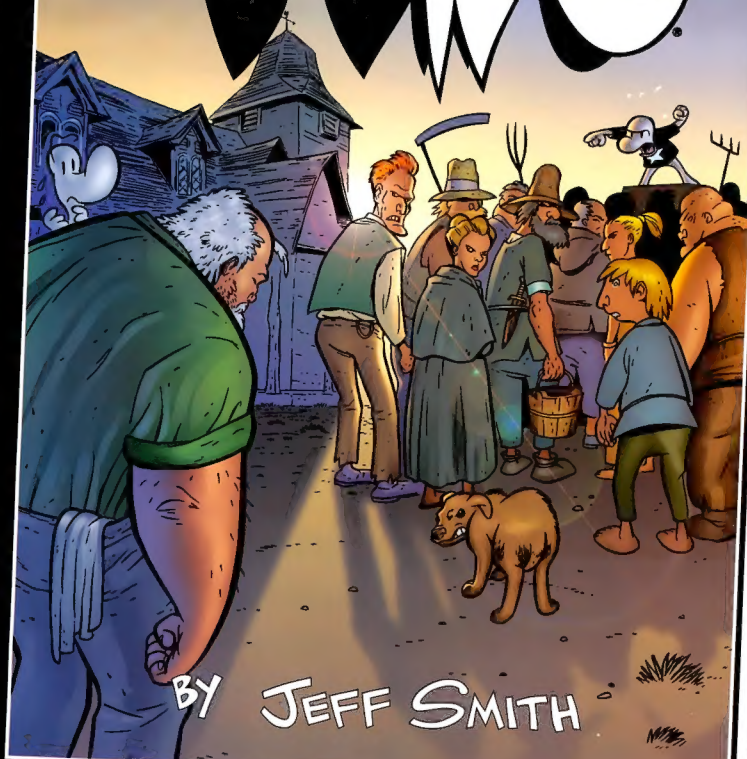
DUDE!  
YOU'RE  
SICK.



# ODD MAN OUT!



# BONE



BY JEFF SMITH

## BONE#25 on sale in July 1996

BONE® is a registered trademark 1996 Jeff Smith.

ULTRA-ACTION

# MAXX

FIGURE

ONE ISZ  
AND A  
PANGAEA  
HEAD-DRESS  
INCLUDED!



FROM



THE MAXX™ is trademark and copyright© Sam Kieth 1996.